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VOLUME LVIII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1890. NUMBER 52.

Poetry.

"GOOD NIGHT! NOT GOOD-BY."

EDWIN ARNOLD.

I saw my lady die;
And he, who oftimes cruel is, dark Death,
Was so deep sorrowful to stay her breath,
He came, all clemency;

He would not let her know;
So well he loved the bright soul he must take,
That for our grieving and her own fair sake
He hid his shaft and bow;

Upon her lips he laid
That "kiss of God" which kills, but does not harm;
With tender message, breathing no alarm,
He said "Be unafraid!"

Sorrow grew almost glad,
Pain half-forgiven, parting well-nigh kind,
To mark how placidly my lady's mind
Consented. Ready clad,

In robes of unseen light,
Her willing soul spread wing; and, while she paced,
"Darling! good-by!" we moaned—but she, at last,
Murmured "No! but good-night!"

Good-night, then! Sweetheart! Wife!
If this world be the dark time and the morrow
Day dawn of Paradise, di-pelling sorrow,
Lighting our starless Life.

Good night?—and not Good-by?
Good night!—and best "Good morrow!" if we wake;
Yet why so quickly tired? Well, we must make
Haste to be done, and die!

For dying has grown dear,
Now you are dead, who turned all things to grace;
We see Death made plain slumber on your face;
Good night—But is Dawn near?

Flowers rich of scent and hue
We laid upon your sleeping place. And these
Flowers of fond verse, which once had gift to please—
Being your own—take, too!

Our Story Teller.

IN A FIRE-HOLE.

BY MINNIE C. KENDRICKS.

It happened twenty-seven years ago, and I was then but a little girl, yet the incidents of one memorable afternoon are still as fresh in my mind as the events of last week. My parents had lived in the city of New York, and were well-to-do, for those days. But the old story of rascality and robbery by a friend whom he had trusted changed everything, and father resolved to move to the West.

It is unnecessary to tell the story of our removal. It was a very wonderful thing to me—that journey to the shores of Lake Michigan, but it would not interest you. Finally we had done with cars and steamboats, and even with stage-coaches, and made the last three days of our journey in an old cart.

On the afternoon of the third day of our travel in this conveyance we came suddenly into a little clearing, where was a new log cabin. At the door stood a solitary backwoodsman.

"What are you doing here?" exclaimed my father, who, more and more gloomy as he got further away from civilization, resented the presence of the settler.

"Waal, stralnger, reckon I'm a livin' here," was the reply.

"You don't mean to tell me that you intend to reside here!" said my father.

"Yer abaout k'rect; stay's the word."

"What do you intend to do?" my father demanded.

"Waal, seein's haow yer ain't no ways inquisitive, I don't mind tellin' yer thet I'm goin' ter make a farm yere."

"But," remonstrated my father, incredulous, "where is your farming land?"

"Mister, I never seed trees yit but had land under 'em, 'n' I reckon I'll find nuff on't yere, arter a while," was the smiling rejoinder of the sturdy pioneer.

Mother was tired and disinclined to travel further, and when we had gone half a mile further we pitched our tent in the woods, beside the "spotted trail." The next day—thinking we could do no better—we formally took up our abode there.

For the next two weeks my father, with only his two hands, long unused to such labor, cleared an acre of ground and built a small log house. So secluded did this tiny opening in the lofty forest seem that when some lumbermen came along by chance, one day, they asked my father if he had cut a hole in the woods and let his house down into it.

There was no human habitation within many miles, save that of the solitary settler whom we had seen on the day of our arrival. On every side were trees, nothing but trees and underbrush. Without doubt my parents found it very lonely, and were not easily reconciled to the change from city life. My mother was often in tears; but we were children, and enjoyed the wilderness and freedom.

I remember that in our childish imaginations the tops of the trees seemed to reach to the very clouds, and that the deeper woods—into which we were not allowed to venture lest we should "get lost"—were a strange, enchanted land to us.

Wild deer and smaller game abounded, and vague suspicions floated in our youthful minds that bears, wolves and panthers lurked in the dense, dark recesses of the forest.

Two years of this backwoods life transformed us children from white-faced cityllngs to little brown savages. Father was almost as brown as our settler neighbor, Mr. Dudley. Our former friends in New York would have failed to recognize us. Some of them, I suppose, would no longer have recognized us in any case. Father used never now to speak of his former business, or of the city, but worked hard as a farmer to procure a livelihood from such crops as he could cultivate in the little clearing which he had made.

The third year of our life in the woods was very memorable one. Throughout June, July and August scarcely any rain fell. The sandy soil and the pine forest were parched with drought.

The entire woods about us, far and near, were infested and overrun by a singular species of great, unsightly gray worms which stripped the trees of their foliage. These worms moved onward in countless numbers through the forest, swinging from tree to tree by means of a thread which they spun for their bodies. In walking through the woods in July, that year, we were compelled to keep both hands before our faces to part the webs, and brush the worms away.

In August the sky grew very smoky, and remained so for many days. Father told us that great forest fires were raging at a distance, and that he feared they might approach us. On some mornings and afternoons the sun did not shine at all through the thick smoke in the sky. Mr. Donley came over to call on us one night at this time.

"Evenin', neighbor Williston," he said, and sitting down on a log near the door, looked about the clearing for some time in silence.

"Waal, neighbor," he remarked, at length, "'pears like the sight o' this 'ere yaller sky don't disturb ye much."

"Why, what do you mean by that?" my father asked him.

"Waal, nothin', of course, ef ye think ez haow there's no danger; but me an' my ole ooman's kinder 'spicionin' thet thar may be a roastin' hot time a-comin', an' thet the bull woods may burn up."

"What can we do?" said my father. "If they burn, why, they burn. We cannot help it."

"Waal, p'raps not; but p'raps we kin help bein' roasted. Mean'my ole ooman's ben a-riggin' up a 'fire-hole.' We 'low thet we may hev ter take ter the groun'."

"Do you think the fire would come across our clearing to the house, Mr. Donley?" my mother asked.

"Waal, ef 'tis like a fire I sor ten year ago, 'twould, and lick up everything smack and smooth," was the unencouraging reply.

My mother was much alarmed. Father asked Mr. Donley what he meant by a fire-hole, and was told that it was a kind of cellar out of doors, covered over with logs and earth—a place in which it would be possible to take refuge from such a conflagration as threatened us.

Father told our neighbor that he would come to his house next day and examine the fire-hole with a view to making one. But while we were at breakfast next morning, Mr. and Mrs. Donley came in; he had a shovel on his shoulder, and she a shovel and an ax—she was a large, muscular woman—and after some conversation they said that they had come over to help us dig a fire-hole, which they seemed to think we needed.

So after breakfast, father, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Donley, set at work. They chose a low spot where water had stood in wet seasons, and began throwing out the earth on all sides. Mother could not help laughing to see Mrs. Donley shovel, though she would not allow us children to laugh.

By noon they had dug a great hole twenty feet in length by ten in width, and with the heaped up earth around it, it was fully six feet deep.

During the afternoon small, straight, green logs were prepared and laid over the hole close together, and then fresh earth was shovelled upon these to a depth of more than a foot. The only entrance to this singular cellar was a narrow doorway dug aslant down to it at one end.

A week passed and then there came a high wind which blew for two or three days. The smoke at times was very dense, and the odor of burning pine wood was very perceptible. The third night father did not go to bed at all, but remained up and out of doors, watching. During the afternoon he had set a barrel in the fire hole and filled it with water. We retired and at tenth fell asleep, although we knew that both father and mother were in a state of great anxiety.

Late in the night mother woke us.

"Get up," she said, "dress yourselves, and each take all your other clothes in a bundle."

As soon as we had opened our eyes we saw that it was strangely light outside the house. We heard the wind blowing, and heard also a low roaring sound. When we had dressed and taken our clothes, mother bade us come with her to the fire hole.

Father was there already engaged in putting his plow and some other tools into the hole. We found that he had driven the oxen and the cow. They were tied up by their heads at the further end. Nearly everything in the house had been carried in, and the place was nearly filled.

The doorway, except one little hole just big enough for us to slip through, had been covered with boards, with fresh turf over them. Father had a board and some turf ready to stop this last little hole. They had dropped the straw beds and some other articles into the well, and covered that over in a similar manner.

On getting out of doors we were nearly dazed by the glare of the fire, which we could see streaming up over the dark tree tops. All around to the west and north the heavens were ablaze with fiery light. A deep, solemn roar was borne from afar, and filled our hearts with a strange awe. Occasionally, too, loud crashes resounded as great trees fell, or rocks exploded from the terrific heat.

Father and mother were very calm, although they had been awake all night.

Soon great sheets of fire could be seen to float up into the sky. The air was growing hot, and smoke in large volumes, drove across the clearing.

"It's coming nearer," I heard mother say, in an awed tone.

"Yes," father replied, "it will soon be here now."

Several deer went bounding across the clearing. One of them passed close to us. Many other smaller animals were scurrying by. Two creatures which looked like large, shaggy dogs, came near and stood panting, with their long red tongues out, and looking at us. I supposse they were wolves. One of the last things that mother did was to run to the house for Molly, the cat, whom she fetched out in a pillow tick and put in the fire-hole.

Meantime the tearible roar was getting louder—nearer, and soon I could see fire through the woods, close down to the earth.

"It's time to go in!" father called out.

Then mother crept in, taking Molly in her bag, and the rest of us followed. It felt cooler, at first, in the hole, for outside the heat from the fire had become very uncomfortable. Soon father crept in and lighted the lantern. He then put the piece of board in position, and reaching out one hand, put sods and earth on it outside, leaving an air-hole no larger than his hand.

Inside we were all snuggled together among our furniture, dishes, tin-ware, and other goods, and by the faint light of the lantern could see the cattle at the further end of the cellar. The roaring of the fire had a strange, reverberatory sound down under ground.

"You must try not to mind it, if it grows very close and hot," father said to us. "You must try to bear it bravely and keep from crying. I will leave a little hole open, so that we shall not smother."

Then, very soon after he said that, there came a sound as if gusts of heavy wind were striking on the low roof over our heads, and we heard a frightful crackling and the crash of trees falling near by. Brilliant flashes of light streamed in at the little hole near which father stood, and the sense of awful heat outside was borne into us.

We panted for breath.

After a long while father said that he hoped the worst of it was past. He told us that, of course, the house and barn must have been burned.

After a while he enlarged the hole at the entrance, and let in more air. We did not venture to go out of our place of refuge, however, till about 8 o'clock the following morning.

A strange spectacle was then presented to our eyes. The forest on all sides, far and near, was gone—burned away! So intense had been the fire and so fervent the heat, that the trees, except a very few of the largest tree trunks, had been entirely consumed.

There was an open country, with bare hills and valleys, on every hand. Our clearing had been burned over, and out of our house and barn there did not remain a single brand!

Nor was there now much smoke. Everything combustible had burned off rapidly and completely. Our little garden and our small field of potatoes, corn and beans had disappeared.

While we were gazing forlornly around, whom should we spy but neighbor Donley and his wife, coming over to see how we had passed through the fiery ordeal. They greeted us warmly, and were so cheery that we ourselves grew more hopeful.

Their experience had been much like ours. We had great reason to feel thankful to them for their effort to have us provided with a fire-hole. Not only did they lived in theirs, but we also lived in ours for several weeks. We had no other habitation. All the poles and logs for the new cabins had to be drawn a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles, so completely had the fire swept off the wood and timber from that entire section of country.

But the "great fire," as it is still alled, proved a blessing after all, for it cleared away the wilderness for us. Father and neighbor Donley had now nothing to do save sow as much winter wheat as they passed on nicely prepared ground. The following spring we had 70 acres under cultivation, and the year after 300 acres. That autumn father sold 2,000 bushels of wheat. A large, handsome frame house soon took the place of our log cabin.

Other farmers entered claims and built houses in our vicinity. The days of pioneering were over forever for us.

But out in the smooth, green field to the left of our house I can still see from my window a little hollow in the sward where the old fire hole was dug, which remains to us all a vivid memory of the old pine forest, smoky skies, red sun, and, at last, that night of fire when, in the language of good neighbor Donly and his wife, we were compelled "to take to the ground."

A Republican Patriarch.

Maine's Oldest Statesman Is Hale and Hearty—Never Drinks or Wears an Overcoat—Enjoys Life Like a Man of Thirty.

The Republican party has long admitted that, when in 1864 it failed to nominate Hannibal Hamlin for Vice President of the United States, as it did Lincoln for President, it made probably the greatest error of its whole career, says a writer to the New York *Press*. Possessing every element of fitness for either first or second position in the national councils, he would, under the same lamentable circumstances which afterward made Andrew Johnson the executive head of

HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

the government, have given to the country an able and brilliant administration, and that, too, at the time of all others in the nation's history when it was most sorely needed.

Friends of Mr. Hamlin have always maintained that the great statesman deeply felt this failure of his party to give him the same recognition as was so enthusiastically accorded Lincoln, but unswerving in his loyalty to his country and in his devotion to the interests of his party, never has he been known to intimate such a feeling.

But although having been deprived of the opportunity of steering the ship of state through the most critical period of her existence and leaving to posterity a still grander name, Hannibal Hamlin is to-day everywhere recognized as one of the unique and most admired figures in Republicanism.

Nearly a decade has passed since Mr. Hamlin saw his last public service as United States minister to the court of Spain, and about 55 years since his practically continuous public life commenced, but his mind has lost none of its old time powers, and there has been no very perceptible diminution of his physical strength.

He has counted more than a year past his four score mark, and his interest in current events has never wavered. His wonderful memory is still at his command, and the unyielding regard of the people, which had so much to do with making his career famous, has never been taken from him.

The venerable statesman lives in an old fashioned residence at the corner of Hammond and Fifth streets, in Bangor, Me., which has been his home since the early days of the war. Entirely surrounded by an orchard, bordered with overgrown hedges, with here and there an untrimmed elm, the house in the summer has the appearance of being in a veritable jungle.

The residence on the exterior is severely plain, but inside it is charming and attractive, every room bearing evidence of the long public career of the ex-vice president, with its collection of books, engravings and many relics of Washington and far away Spain.

Mr. Hamlin's present life is very quiet and simple. Just outside the city he has a few acres of land which he calls his "farm," and the summer mornings find him constantly there. Nothing delights him more than the exercise and recreation which he obtains digging in the loamy soil of that property. He owned a cow for many years, and during his last term in the Senate, when at home, sensitive Bangorians were given severe shocks at the sight of one of the country's greatest statesmen walking along the dusty roadway driving the kine, his own and his neighbors', from the pasture to the barns.

Mr. Hamlin retains his dignity and commands perfect respect in positions which other men of his prominence could not occupy without sacrificing both.

In his religions belief he is not only very liberal but is the leading member and a great worker in the local Unitarian church and president of the Maine Unitarian association. His dislike for music is intense, and he is never seen at a concert or the opera, while he enters church after the opening musical selections and would like to see church music banished altogether, so his friends say.

On the street Mr. Hamlin is a striking figure. His tall form, now slightly bent, is always clothed in the old-fashioned black swallow tail suit, and he wears a silk hat, slightly tipped back upon his head. He has never discarded the dickey and stock of the statesman of a former generation, and, in fact, there has been no change in his dress for half a century or more. For years he was famous for never wearing an overcoat, and he never deigns now to burden himself with what to his mind is an unnecessary article of clothing except in the bitterest days of winter.

He walks with a swinging gait which is still far from feeble, and the constant recognition of his friends makes his expression always pleasant. Although seen every day, and frequently several times a day, he is, in Bangor, the observed of all observers.

The Choir to Be Heard Only.

It has become quite customary for our churches to put a gallery for the choir either behind the minister or beside the minister. The people want to see the singers; they want to face the music. I do not like the custom. These last months I have been sitting in the pews, and have faced the music. I have thus added evidence, drawn from observation, to my theories, that music should be heard and not seen; it should appeal to the ear, and not to the eye.

The sense of hearing song, through the agency of the ear, is marred by the distractions which the eye brings. The organist, jumping about on his seat, pawing the pedals, pulling the stops, the size of the soprano's mouth, the eccentricities of dress and deportment, all these the eye brings to the heart and mind, and thus serves to mar the sense of worship. No, no; let us hide our musicians in order, the better to hear their music.—[Chicago Advance.

A Novel Advertisement.

Not long ago an enterprising advertiser hit upon the idea of making an electrical tricycle carry his placards through the streets. A more realistic idea is that carried out by a firm of bellmakers in a Western city. A miniature set of chimes has been designed, to be attached to an electrical tricycle, which will travel around the city. In the lower part of the frame on which the chimes are fixed is a keyboard of between two and three octaves. This is played in exactly the same way as the organ or piano keyboard, and some very beautiful combinations are rendered possible. All the thirty bells forming the set which are hung on a rack are rung electrically. Attached to each of them is an electro-magnet, and the keys make the circuit from a battery in the base to the electro-magnets at the bells.

A Political Reason.

"How did Joseph come to be a great ruler in the land?" asked the superintendent.

"Please, sir," said the boy, "because he wore a coat of many colors."—[N. Y. Sun.

NEW YORK SUN-BEAMS.

Good Stories from the Metropolitan Daily.

One summer eve Deacon Cole came into the town of Concord, N. H., and driving up to the dry goods store at which he always traded, in front of which there were half a dozen loungers, he inquired if any one had seen his wife Polly that day. No one had, and he went on to say that she had suddenly disappeared about 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and he had not seen her since.

"Do you figure that she has skipped out?" asked one of the crowd.

"Hardly. Polly's 57, you know, and as homely as a toadstool?"

"But wimin is curus critters," observed another citizen. "She might have gone off to the naybur's in a huff."

"I've bin to all the nayburs," replied the Deacon.

"Searched the house?"

"Yes."

"Ain't in the garret?"

"No."

"Ain't down cellar?"

"No."

"Ain't in the barn?"

"No."

"Nor in the smokehouse?"

"No."

"Well, that beats me. Bet you ten to one she's gone crazy and wandered off, or else she has got tired of you and skipped."

"What's the fuss here?" asked a tin peddler as he drove up.

The facts were given him, and he turned on the deacon with:

"Why, dang yer buttons, you don't know even a little bit! She fell into the well, in course, and you'd better hurry home and git her out!"

The deacon drove away at a rattling pace, while the crowd laughed at his expense, but next day when he appeared in town I asked him if he had any news of his wife and he replied:

"Oh, yes. Polly was in the well all right enough, and had been standing in water up to her chin all day. Rather blamed me for not hearing her holler, but she got all over it after being dried out."

"Sheriff of This County."

We were waiting at Hinsdale Junction, which is in Missouri and is at the junction of three different railroads. I was sitting on a dry goods box on the platform along with a man whom I took to be a drummer, when a third man came up and borrowed a light for his cigar and sat down. After some general talk he said:

"Confound this delay. I am mighty anxious to get down to Ripley."

"Marriage?" queried the man beside me.

"No."

"Anybody dying?"

"No."

"Speculation, eh?"

"No. They had a big robbery there last night, and want me to catch the thief. I am the sheriff of this county."

"Do tell" exclaimed my friend. "I thought as much when I first looked at you."

"Why should you?"

"Well, you've got the eye of a hawk and the courage of a tiger, or I'm no judge of human nature. You'd be about the last man I'd care to play roots on."

"Have a cigar?" asked the sheriff, as he extended a couple, and it was easy to see that he was tickled all over.

We talked for an hour or so, and then his train came along and he boarded it for Ripley. He was no sooner out of sight than my friend sat down and laughed until black in the face. Of course I inquired the cause of his hilarity, and he finally sobered up and replied:

"Won't you give it away?"

"No."

"Hope to die if you do?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm the robber and the identical chap he's after—ha! ha! ha!"

And he went off into another fit which lasted two or three minutes, and which he recovered from to say:

"Got all the swag in that satchel, and can show it to you, but you've passed your word, you know. Think how I plied it on—what an ass he is—ha! ha! ha!"

And he pounded his leg and laughed until he rolled off the box.

Crushed.

Four or five of us entered the hotel together, but the man with the sealskin overcoat pushed his way right up to the desk, registered as J. N. Powell Jones, Boston, and loudly remarked:

"Best parlor bedroom you have in the caravansary, and it must be on the front, too."

"Yes, sir," obsequiously replied the clerk, and he ran him into the elevator before he assigned any of the rest of us to a back room four floors up.

At dinner the Baron had his bottle of wine, and he had two waiters jumping at his command. When through he strolled into the office with a gold toothpick in his mouth, sat down in a prominent place, and, stretching out his legs, he remarked in a loud voice: "If I had time I'd like to give the mayor of this town a few hints on how to run it. Here, you! If the governor calls for me say that I am out. I don't want to be bothered with him."

"Who is he?" I asked of one of the group.

"A drummer from Boston," he replied. "Why, I thought him some great man."

"Well, you were right. They don't grow any bigger in this country."

The Baron snapped his fingers for a boy, sent for a newspaper and a cigar, and was asking if any of us had ever seen a thousand dollar bill, when a Jew drummer for a tobacco house entered with an open telegram in his hand and handed it to the owner of the earth. It read:

"Firm of Blank & Blank, Boston, gone under for $200,000."

That was the firm the Baron travelled for. He read the dispatch twice over, gasped three or four times, and then fell on the floor. The news became public property in five minutes, and the clerk of the hotel looked coldly upon the unconscious man, and then said to the colored porter:

"Take him up the freight elevator to a cheap back room, Sam, and don't waste any more water than you can help in bringing him to. As soon as he can walk, get him out."

Found His Ideal.

He (just introduced)—Perfectly charming night. I have seldom seen the stars look so bright. Are you fond of astronomy?

She—N-o, I have never studied it.

He—You dote on botany, I presume?

She—I never studied that, either.

He—Do you like geology?

She—I don't know anything about it.

He—Ah! You are an enthusiast on one or more of the arts, no doubt—music, painting, sculpture, wood carving or repousse work?

She—I don't know anything about any of them; I'm a perfect ignoramus.

He—Angelic creature! Will you be my wife?—[New York Weekly.

House Built by Washington.

It is a singular fact that the only house ever built in Washington city by the father of his country is still standing on North Capital street, in that city, in comparative obscurity. Few Washington people know of its existence, and it is never pointed out as a structure of historic interest.

The reason for this lies probably in the fact that the house, as originally built, contained three stories, but when the street was graded two more stories were added, and the building is now used as a hotel. It is said that some of the rooms in this old building are in much the same condition as when occupied by Washington's family in 1792.

A building of this kind should be utilized as a museum for historical curios, and not vandalized by second-class hotelkeepers.—[St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Among the Sweethearts.

Little Love Stories Out of Real Life in New York.

The subtle charm of sweet odors is almost equal to that of music, and the art of being a delight to the olfactory sense of man is one that woman cultivates with especial care. A perfume may be made to play an important part in individual magnetism. A clever beauty may always suggest violets to such a delicate extent that her presence would be a caress to a blind man. No matter how we may regard the use of perfumery as a vulgarity—and it certainly is one when employed by vulgar persons—it can be applied with a skill that must please the most fastidious of sentimentalists, and for that reason nearly all fashionable women are addicted to it. When once the peculiar fragrance of a particular woman is known, how delicious to catch a slight flutter of it on a little note asking one to dine! Or, if one is not even acquainted with a gentle correspondent, how one tries to judge her nature by the flavor contained in her note paper. Perfume is mighty: and yet, let me tell of an incident where its charm was not valued.

There is a certain young Romeo in New York society whose manly form and beautiful countenance have succeeded already in providing him with a half dozen Juliets. Suddenly, after successive escapades of a more or less momentous nature, the remarkable fellow was confronted by a young maiden with large brown eyes of extraordinary innocence, clear, golden hair, worn all simply in a single coil, a tender, inexperienced mouth, and a neck like a lily. He courted her almost scornfully, while she fell in love with him seriously. She seemed too ingenuous. His cynicism had taught him to mistrust all womankind, and he made a wager with himself that the girl with the brown eyes was the greatest flirt on his string of acquaintances. It so happened that the irresistible young man one day received a note from his meek slave. After he had read it, he lifted it to his face. Then he started, as if surprised.

"It is not perfumed," he muttered; and he pressed it to his face again and repeated his observation. "Not perfumed; by Jove, this little one is different from the others. She may have a character. I wonder if she uses any scent on her toilets!"

That same evening the two met, and there was an opportunity for the young man to lead the girl away to a secluded nook. There, as he took her hand, and she drooped her head, he spoke words that meant everything to the hearer of them, and after he had spoken he bent down and kissed the dazzled girl.

As he was walking home an hour later he said to himself: "For all the world like an infant. She's the first woman I ever kissed who was not perfumed. She's worth marrying."

And these two are engaged.

A pair of lovers stood on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-third street on a recent night gazing upat the stereoptical transparency that shines continually at that point. That they were lovers was apparent by the sympathetic manner of the girl in leaning heavily against her escort. One of her hands was in his overcoat pocket, and her cheek almost touched his shoulder. They were the typical John and Julia out sparking. He had a noticeably clean shave, and her hair had been in curling papers all day. Such simple persons will stand on Twenty-third street for an hour at a time, and gain delight from a study of the transparency, with its advertisements for tailors and shirtmakers. Possibly the man who was working the machine that night was aware that a John and Julia were down on the corner. At all events he flashed over the canvass a series of advertisements that appealed to that class of individuals.

"We'll need furniture, John. Let's go down to that place," said Julia, as the man shot out the name of a furniture dealer.

"Well, I wonder if I could get to my work at half-past 7 if we went out to that place to live," said John, as the slide showed an announcement from a New Jersey real estate agent advising every one to own a house at next to nothing a year.

"Oh, I want a canary bird the first thing," went on Julia, when the canvas displayed the advertisement of a man that sold bird cages.

Just then the transparency changed to a rather confusing sign: "Buy your baby carriages at Bunkum & Co.s." The lovers moved on. For a block or so they did not speak. Finally Julia said:

"Where is Bunkum & Co.'s?"

John looked into her eyes. There was a quick interchange of tender glances and they walked on.

A lady still on the pretty side of forty was on her way up town at night, under the protection of a uniformed messenger boy, according to New York usage. He felt his importance, and sat up very straight, until one of his chums sat down beside him. The two youngsters were soon engaged in a confidential interview, and the escort forgot his charge. Meanwhile, the lady's brother, by the merest chance, boarded this identical car, and took a seat by her. He unconsciously passed his arm behind her, and was in the very middle of an animated dialogue which happened to make her look somewhat worried. The messenger boy suddenly bethought himself of his duty. A glance at the lady's troubled countenance, and at that man's arm back of her shoulders was sufficient to convince him that she needed protection.

"Take your arm down, sir!" he exclaimed sternly, and at the same time gave it anything but a gentle push.

There was a burst of laughter, and the boys looked at each other in blank astonishment.

"Make believe you don't see it," whispered the chum of the lady's guardian, with a chuckle. "Don't you see she wants it there? You ain't fly, you ain't."

They met by chance, but in an unusual way. A commonly well-behaved young man had been indulging in an annual spree at a college dinner, and had returned to his flat up in Harlem at the over-ripe hour of 4 in the morning. He had enjoyed the symposium of wine and wit with his old chums, and possibly the acuteness of his intelligence was the least bit clouded, but not offensively so. He lived on the fifth floor of an apartment house, and, as the elevator had stopped running, he was compelled to ascend to his room on foot. To the best of his recollection he distinctly counted five flights of stairs. Every story of the house being precisely alike in design, he could not be expected to note that he only went as far as the fourth floor, when he was peacefully confident he had gone to the fifth. He found his door key and inserted it in the lock. The door opened, and he entered the hall. All was dark, and he tiptoed lightly about in order not to awaken his mother. Being well acquainted with the plan of the flat, he groped quietly through the gloom of the halls to his own room. He had expected to find a taper burning for him there, but was disappointed, and to his surprise he could not find the match safe in its accustomed place. Fumbling in his pockets he secured a match, and struck it on his boot.

As the flame snapped the room was filled with a piercing scream, and upon getting the gas lighted the young man discovered a young woman huddled in a heap among the blankets of the bed, gazing upon him with frenzied eyes. He could only beg her pardon, but she kept up her screaming, and presently a host

of white-draped figures came hurrying in from the other rooms, and the young man found himself an object of horrified wrath, in the centre of a group of blinking, aggressive strangers. The girl in the bed cried out that he was a burglar, but an old gentleman, whose feet looked very uncomfortable, and whose hair stood up over his head like porcupine quills, seemed to recognize him as a resident in the house, and demanded, in thundering tones, why he had entered his daughter's bedroom. To the best of his ability the youth made explanation, but the effect of the wine he had drank, together with the suprise of his position, had rendered him almost speechless, and he left the flat an object of suspicion, scorn, and vituperation.

For weeks he suffered keenly from the shame he had unwittingly brought upon himself, but one day he met in the elevator the young woman who had looked up at him from the bed that night, and instead of stabbing him with violent glances, she hung her face and blushed, glancing up in the most delicious way as she left the elevator. The young man's heart gave a bound. He might gain forgiveness after all, and what promised to be a scandal might turn out a romance.

HE HAD TO COMPROMISE.

A Young Husband's First Financial Scheme That Didn't Pay.

A young married man named Johnson, in Chicago, who was drawing a liberal salary, told his devoted wife that every $2 bill that came to him should be hers for pin money, says the San Francisco *Argonaut*.

Gradually Mr. Johnson's friends heard of the promise, and began to conspire to help out the popular young lady.

If they owed their friend anything, they invariably paid him in $2 bills. Finally they got to borrowing from him on purpose to liquidate in this way, and, still unsuccessful, Mr. Johnson continued to allow the bills to flow into the willing lap of his better half.

Finally the cashier of the firm that employed him learned of the generous promise, and he, too, entered the conspiracy, and the next payday handed Mr. Johnson a roll that staggered him. Every dollar of it was in the denomination of "two." Sweating under the burden, the repentant husband wended his way homeward.

"Mary," he said, as he met her at the door, "I've got to break my promise with you, for the government at Washington has ceased to print any money except in $2 bills. Gold and silver have gone out of circulation entirely. Nothing left, if you will believe me, but copper and $2 bills. I'm sorry, but I must break my promise, or else go into bankruptcy. Can't we compromise the matter in some way, as, for instance, by my giving you regularly $50 a week?" They compromised.

DOZEN OR SCORE?

A Plea for Selling Things by the Latter Rather than the Former.

"Away with the Dozen," cries the usually sedate and decorous Boston *Transcript*. But it is not demanding that the city fathers shall be sent to the guillotine, but that the custom of selling articles by the dozen shall be abolished and the practice of selling by the *score* encouraged in its place.

Any person who will be at the trouble of a little observation, can hardly fail of being surprised at the amount of delay, and often of positive inconvenience, arising from this adherence to the use of the dozen and the half-dozen in small transactions, as though people were restrained by high and occult reasons from buying four, five, eight or ten of anything. Plainly, therefore, the dozen should have taken its departure long ago with the old shilling-and-pence system of which it was a constituent part, and of which at present it is only a relic. Now, a proper unit of count is a convenience in some kinds of retail trade; and fortunately, we have such a unit in the *score* of twenty, a measure which is as old as the English language. The score possesses, for us Americans, certain obvious advantages over the dozen, for easy reckoning, because, like the dollar, it has a half, a quarter, a fifth, and a tenth, in whole numbers.

What Sarah Said to Mary.

It was on a Madison avenue car at 6 o'clock. Among those who had seats were eight men. Among those standing up were two shop girls. After waiting for a reasonable time for some one to offer them seats one of the girls said:

"Mary, it's too bad, isn't it?"

"What, Sarah?" asked the other.

"That they are all bow-legged."

"Who?"

"These eight gentlemen. I have patronized this line for five years, and I never saw a bow-legged man give himself away by standing up in a car. It wouldn't be reasonable to expect it."

"Of course not."

In just five seconds eight men were on their feet, bowing and smiling and asking Sarah and Mary if they wouldn't be so everlastingly kind and obliging as to take seats—take half the car, in fact, and they took it.—[New York Sun.

In the Dark.

Mounteney Jephson, one of the Stanley travelers now in this country, finds it to be "Darkest America," as far as his geographical knowledge goes. "I have some friends in Bostonmass, you know," said he. "Do tell me where Bostonmass is, you know, and what is 'mass,' anyway? Now, by the way, I do pass near Chicago, you know, when I go to Philadelphia, and is it anywhere near Brooklyn, dear boy?"—[Waterbury American.

Our Serial Story.

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THE GREAT CHINESE INVASION.

BY FRANK M. EASTMAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

VANQUISHING THE VICTORS.

When at length the dazzled eyes of the fugitives became once more capable of vision, after the intolerable glare which had accompanied the aerial cremation of Wo-Lee, the party found themselves driving rapidly towards the American camp on the now freshly blowing breeze. Behind them arose the shrill cries of the excited Chinese hosts, growing fainter and fainter as the distance increased, and the lights of their camp gradually vanished. From that direction, however, came the sound of rolling thunder, and flashes of lightning could be seen, showing that the electric storm which had destroyed the balloon of the Tartar General, was taking a westerly course. Yih-Hun's balloon had come down on the bosom of the freshening wind, and now floated side by side with that containing the other fugitives, at a distance of not more than one hundred yards.

At length a cry from the bow of the foremost balloon announced their approach to the American camp, and, as Haines rushed forward, they swept over the western picket line, receiving, as they passed, a scattering volley, which, luckily, inflicted no damage. Haines seized the areophone belonging to the air ship and in another instant its stentorian tones were heard announcing who and what the party was. Cables were cast from the balloons and in a few minutes all parties were safely landed, and Yih-Hun was in the embraces of his father and sister, in whose defense he had fought so well. Haines hurried with the family to his quarters, where he conducted them to his own tent, and at once gave order for the preparation of more ample accommodation. After making every possible arrangement for their comfort, he hastened to headquarters, where he was received by Gen. Gregg, who congratulated him on his narrow escape. On hearing of the destruction of the Tartar general, however, and that Ki-Tsin and his family were in his own camp, the general evinced the most lively gratification.

"This is an opportunity not to be neglected," he cried, reaching for his sword belt. "The Chinese camp will be in utter confusion. All discipline will be at an end for some time. It is dark and looks like rain—just the weather for a night attack. You know the country, do you?"

"Perfectly," was the answer.

In a short time, with Haines's assistance, a plan of attack was decided upon and orderlies were despatched to summon the corps commanders to the general's tent.

"By the way," said the general, musingly, as they awaited the coming of these officers, "you had a pretty close call, did you not? Fuller does not seem to have got there much too soon. I do hope that boy won't be rash. We can afford to take no risks with the Lammergeir just now."

"Fuller!" said Haines, inquiringly. "What has Fuller got to do with the matter?"

"To whose assistance do you attribute your escape from the Tartar general, Major Haines?" queried Gen. Gregg.

"To that of Almighty God, sir," was the earnest reply.

"Doubtless," was the answer. "But the Almighty found Fuller and the Lammergeir very useful instruments in effecting his purpose." He then proceeded to give Haines a brief description of the new and tremendous engine of war which the genius of Edison had contributed to the relief of his country, the principles upon which it was operated, the opportune arrival, and how Fuller, learning of the hazardous expedition which his friend had undertaken, had insisted on pushing ahead towards the Chinese camp in the faint hope of being able to afford some assistance. By the time this brief narrative was concluded the corps commanders had arrived. All arrangements were soon perfected and in two hours' time from the arrival of the fugitives at the camp the army was en route to attack the enemy.

The army set out at 11 o'clock. It had not traversed half of the distance intervening between the two camps when a whizzing sound was heard in the air, a brilliant beam of electric light was thrown upon the troops from above, and in another second the gigantic form of the Lammergeir was hovering over the advance guard at a short distance from the ground. Fuller, swiftly descending from his vessel, was soon in consultation with Gen. Gregg, from whom he received his orders as to what part his airship should take in the coming attack. Before returning to his command Fuller found time to search out his old comrade Haines and to receive from him his heartfelt thanks for the preservation of his own life and those of his party. The army pressed on, lazily followed by the Lammergeir, and reached the Chinese camp at about 2 o'clock in the morning. It was found to be a perfect pandemonium. All discipline seemed to be at an end. At the death of one and the flight of the other of their chie s, as was afterwards learned, there had sprung up three different aspirants for the command of the army, and the dissensions arising among the adherents of these candidates had already led to serious confusion and even bloodshed. Under these circumstances the American army approached closely to the camp without detection and made deliberate preparations for attack.

The Lammergier, as ordered, took a position exactly above the centre of the American force at a height of several thousand feet, and the battle began by the rapid discharge of thunderbolts hurled from her at the centre of the Chinese camp. The constant; unremitting rain of death-dealing flashes, the incessant and earth-shaking roar of the thunder, together with the suddenness and unexpectedness of the attack, filled the invaders with dreadful consternation and in the midst of their terror-stricken stupefaction the order for a general attack was given by the American commander. The onslaught was made simultaneously from three sides of the camp, and so terror-stricken were the Chinese that their assailants were already in the midst of the camp before any attempts at defense were made. Under these circumstances there was little resistance. But little quarter was given, and when the morning broke the whole vast army had been practically destroyed, and its vast stores and supplies, with 250,000 stands of arms, 3,000 field pieces, 50 charioes, 250 balloons, besides an enormous quantity of other material, had been captured.

Such a victory had never before been won on American soil, if, indeed, such ever had been gained elsewhere. The American officers were astonished at the immensity of their own triumph, and looked upon the vast camp, the innumerable bodies of the slain and the enormous booty with eyes that could hardly convince them of the reality of what they beheld. Haines rode through the camp at the side of Gen. Gregg. Fearful evidences of the destructiveness of the Lammergeir were everywhere noticeable throughout the camp. Great

Recent Literature.

The Latest Volumes That Have Reached the Blade Book Table.

"A Summer Holiday in Europe," by Mary E. Blake, author of "On the Wing," "Mexico, Picturesque, Political, Progressive," is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The author, well known as "M. E. B.," of the Boston *Journal*, possesses all the qualities which make a good traveler, together with a power of description which so many travelers lack.

"The Kelp-Gatherers" is a story of the Maine coast, by J. T. Trowbridge, from the same publishers. The story is well told as might be expected from the author.

Lee & Shepard have issued their beautiful little calendar, "All Around the Year," for 1891. It is designed in sepia, tint and color by J. Pauline Smiles, and is printed on heavy cardboard with gilt edges, and with a chain, tassels and rings.

"On the Blockade," by Oliver Optic, is the third of the "Blue and Gray Series," published by Lee & Shepard, a story of naval operations during the late war.

A beautiful little gift-book for the holidays is the last of Irene Jerome's illustrated books entitled, "From An Old Love Letter." The right hand page of every leaf has some loving message mostly taken from the Bible, in illuminated lettering. Lee & Shepard are the publishers.

A book that will please the boys from these publishers is "Wonderful Deeds and Doings of Little Giant Boab and His Talking Raven Tabib," by Ingersoll Lockwood, author of "Travels and Adventures of Little Baron Turnip and His Wonderful Dog Bulger," illustrated profusely by Clifton Johnson.

"Pards," by Edie W. Merriman, is a story of two homeless boys, who found their way to Minneapolis because they heard it was easy to get rich there. This pretty book for boys is brought out by Lee & Shepard.

"In Trust; or, Doctor Bertrand's Household," by Amanda M. Douglas, is the September issue of the "Good Company Series," by the same publisher.

Lee & Shepard also issue in pamphlet form two books by Laurence Grunlund, that are worth reading. One is entitled "The Co-operative Commonwealth," which is further described as an Exposition of Socialism, and the other is "Our Destiny," which describes the influence of nationalism upon morals and religion.

"Rodney, the Partisan," by Harry Castlemon, appears in the "Castlemon War Series." It is a story of the civil war, and is written in that animated and attractive style that has made the author so popular with his large army of boy readers. Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

"Little Jarvis," by Molly Elliot Seawell. This fascinating story has been issued in attractive book form by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and is beautifully illustrated, making an excellent gift book for children.

"Switzerland," by Lina Hug and Richard Stead, appears in "The Story of the Nations Series," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, and is the 31st volume.

The Putnams have published in a neat little volume, Grace Denio Litchfield's "Little Venice" and "Other Stories" from her pen which have appeared in various magazines. It makes a very attractive little volume.

Worthington & Co., New York, issue a pleasant volume, entitled "The Old Meeting House and Vacation Papers," by Rev. A. M. Colton. These papers, some of them of a humorous character, were collected and prepared for publication by his brother.

TOM MARSHALL'S EQUANIMITY.

A Witticism at His Expense Failed to Ruffle His Temper.

Tom Marshall, the great Kentucky orator, was also a great masticator of tobacco, and one of the most uncleanly of men in the disposition of the salivary "juice," an abundant deposit of which usually decorated his ample shirt bosom. The contrary of Marsh. If in this particular was Return J. Meigs, clerk of the national Supreme court, whose person and office were always models of neatness and cleanliness.

One day Marshall entered the clerk's office, as usual masticating a great quid of "degleg," and before he had finished his business found it necessary to unload. "Where do you keep your spittoon, Mr. Meigs?" asked the advocate, after a fruitless search for the desired utensil.

"I do not keep one," said the clerk.

"Where do you spit?"

"I do not spit."

"I mean where do I spit—I chaw, Mr. Meigs?"

"Generally you spit on your shirt bosom, Mr. Marshal."

The great advocate left the office, discharged his cargo of tobacco, and, returning, resumed his examination of the records with complete serenity.—[Argonaut.

Why Key Chains are Unpopular.

I have noticed in an Eastern fashion paper—the very highest authority upon such matters—that key chains are entirely out of fashion, and that only waiters in restaurants wear them. There are a few of them left in Kansas City, however. I saw a man to-day with one of them on. He sat down to his desk and unlocked it, leaving the key in the lock. He is a busy man, and is also rather absentminded. The key ring was fastened to the back of his trousers tight enough for a trace chain. The key chain was stoutly built. In a few minutes he jumped up in a hurry and started somewhere. I heard a desk rattle, a chair upset, papers rustle, a chain snap, keys fly about on the floor and two or three rather fiercely muttered oaths. And then the man performed a war dance on the chain. He threw it out of the office; he reviled the man who gave it to him; he prayed for total blindness on the man who had invented key chains, and I heard him say: "By gum! that's only the fifth time this week."—[Kansas City Times.

The Plot Complete.

First Anarchist—Ah, we will be avenged on the police at last.

Second Anarchist—What have you done, Jacobini?

First Anarchist—I have trailed them for hours. I have worked a dynamite bomb into the tail pocket of every man!

Second Anarchist—They won't go off, fool!

First Anarchist—Ah, but I have strewn the pavement with banana peel!—[N. Y. Sun.

The Way to Advertise.

Merchant (to friend)—"I am about to fail."

Friend—"Why don't you advertise?"

"Can't. Haven't any money."

"You don't need any."

"How can I advertise without money?"

"Go off somewhere and hide yourself. Newspapers will be apprised of the strange disappearance. Foul play will be suspected. Your name will be kept before the public for, say two weeks. Then you turn up all right. Business re-established."

Scrofula

Is the most ancient and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck or goitre, humor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness yield to the powerful effects of this medicine.

The Worst Type.

"My son was afflicted with the worst type of scrofula, and on the recommendation of my druggist I gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla Today he is sound and well, notwithstanding it was said there was not enough medicine in Illinois to effect a cure." J. CHRISTIAN Tilipolis, Ill. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

American Beauties.

A Glance at Some of New York's Famous Women.

Are American women becoming recognized as the highest types of feminine beauty?

It is a very interesting query, and one that is not to be lightly answered. And not on patriotic pride must a conclusion be reached. Beauty is cosmopolitan. It belongs to all.

From Europe comes the statement that beauty there is on the wane. Magazinists are discussing it and wondering what is the reason.

Connoisseurs in the grace of feminine charm on the other side of the water have no hesitation in saying that French and English beauty is decaying. This is a most extraordinary state of affairs.

There was a time when English middle life was remarkable for the large number of beautiful women which it bred. But those who observe closely say there are fewer of those lovely faces and damask cheeks which were familiar

MRS. HERMAN OELRICHS.

a generation ago. One of the foremost writers in England has said in one of the foremost magazines:

"There is little real beauty either in England or in France. 'Real' is used advisedly, for hair-dye has striven vainly to adorn the head, paint and powder the face, and the corsetmaker

MRS. ORME WILSON.

the form. Art is striving after too much."

All of which is very strange and very true. There is too much art and too little nature. It is only when the two unite that there can be any real progress.

Can woman become less beautiful?

That could hardly be. There are as many beautiful women as there ever have been, only they haved moved their

MRS. GEORGE GOULD.

habitat. It is a very important thing in this gray old world. Another writer, in discussing the same subject, has given an explanation. He says:

"There is little real beauty in France. For fifty years it has been on the wane. But French women have such fascinating manners that every facial defect is forgotten when we hear the merry laugh and the melodious sound of their well-

MISS MARTHA OTIS.

tuned voices as they charm us with a variety of small talk, an art in which the French women excel all the women of the world. The womanly beauty which belonged to Europe has migrated to the United States."

There is no doubt about it. In America are found the most beautiful women in the world. But it is not quite true that English beauty or French beauty has migrated to this country. American beauty is of the soil. That American women are beautiful no one who sees and thinks can doubt.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland is a tall and queenly woman. Every movement is grace itself. What a sweet, womanly face she has! How clearly and steadily

MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND.

the gray eyes shine! How pure and white is that forehead from which the black hair is coiled back! She is one of the modern American women who believe thoroughly in active exercise. She is an indefatigable walker, and the result is such as to make many women follow her example.

He Traveled.

Unsympathetic lady (to tramp)—Why are you tramping about in this way? Why don't you go to work?

Tramp—The doctor advised me to travel for my health, lady.

Lady—That's my advice, too. Here, Tige! —[Boston Herald.

Her Difficulty.

Mrs. Cumso—"What are you going to get your husband for a Christmas present, Mrs. Grazzam?" Mrs. Grazzam—"Really I don't know. I thought of giving him an umbrella, but I can't find one that I would like to carry for less than $7."—[Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

—BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Sick-Headache.

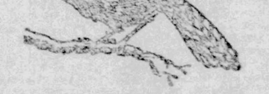
CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY MRS. SOPHIA P. SNOW.

Republished by request, from the WEEKLY BLADE, of Dec. 22, 1870.

'Twas the eve before Christmas; "Good night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes.
And each little bosom was heavy with sighs—
For to-night their stern father's command had been given,
That each should retire precisely at seven,
Instead of eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard-tinn ever before:
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been,
And he hoped, after this, he should never more hear,
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year,
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock in the steepie tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"
"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;
For, somehow, it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.'
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied.
For he came every year before mamma died;
But, then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here,
With the sacks full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why tan't we pay dest as mamma did then,
And ask him to send him with presents a den?"
"I've been thinking so, too," and without a word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive.
You must wait just as still till I say 'Amen,'
And by that time you will know that your turn has come then.
"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of thee;
I want a wax doll, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring,
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he.
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen."
"Please, Jesus, et Santa Taus tome down tonight,
And bring us some presents before it is light.
I want he should dive me a nice little sed
With bright, shinin' runners, and all painted red,
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,
Amen, and then, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds;
They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in Dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled—my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But of course they've forgot their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice asked-for kiss;
But just to make sure, I'll steal up to the door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers
His Annie's "bless papa" draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
"Strange, strange I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,
"How I longed, when a child, to have Christmas draw nigh,
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown—
Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street,
A millionaire facing the cold driving sleet.
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything
From the box full of candy, to the tiny gold ring;
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store,
That the various presents outnumbered a score,
Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,
And with Aunt Mary's help in the nursery 'twas stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box well filled in the center was laid,
And on it a ring for which Annie had prayed.
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
"With bright, shining runners and all painted red."
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in a tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up on the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
And as the fond father their pictures surveyed,
He thought of "Kitty," a word hardly heard since the departure of the other. The correct imitation by a parrot is also remarkable. A lady of the Dutch court, visiting the palace at The Hague soon after the death of the late Queen of Holland, was startled at hearing the Queen's voice exactly reproduced. It was given by a white cockatoo, which had been a great pet with the deceased.

Parrots have no exclusive liking for the English language. They learn German, French or Dutch as easily. A parrot in Holland used to repeat parts of the Lord's prayer and fragments of its mistress' devotions, which it had heard in her room, in Dutch. With the cockatoos the small white and sulphur birds may



BLUE JAY.

say what sounds like "kupper cron," when they want their heads scratched. This is probably pure parrot language. Go to any cockatoo and say this, at the same time holding the hand well above his head, and he will undoubtedly answer and gradually lower his head and crest to allow the gentle stroking and ruffle of the feathers. Macaws do not seem to understand cockatoo language, but gray parrots often use the same sound. It seems to be a call-note, expressing willingness to be petted and make friends. It is often asked if the talking by birds is due to mental or physical causes. A good deal certainly depends, in the first place, on the bird's disposition. Some parrots and cockatoos never learn to talk, although it cannot be seen that there is any difference in the organs of speech from those who do. They seem to be without the immitative faculty, the same as hawks, which have curved beaks and thick tongues, but are silent. But, where the disposition to mimic is present, physical causes may limit or widen the bird's powers. The parrots and crows are both imitative, but the beaks and tongues of the parrots are more suited to imitate man's speech, just as the raven excels the jay. There seems no reason why parrots, if they would breed in confinement, should not teach their accomplishments to their young as canaries do theirs.

He Surpassed Himself.

There is a story told of a French poet who inquired of a friend and flatterer what he thought of his last work. "I have arrived at the fifteenth canto," he replied with enthusiasm, "and think there is nothing more beautiful and harmonious in the language."

"Pardon me, there is one thing," said the poet.

"Ah, perhaps you mean Chautenubriand's 'Atala?'"

"Certainly not. I mean my sixteenth canto."—[Argonaut.

FOR OPIUM HABIT

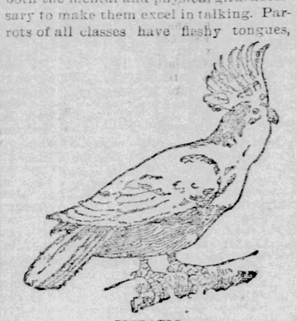
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. WM. POWELL, New York Mills, N Y., says: "*Its free use in breaking off the opium habit has prevented that intense nervous prostration which always follows when the narcotic is withdrawn.*"

Talking Birds.

Members of the Feathered Family Imitating the Human Voice.

The American blue jay, a most brilliant creature, flushing with hues of emerald and turquoise, is an admirable mimic of many sounds, even of the human voice. Wilson speaks of one "which had all the tricks and loquacity of a parrot; pilfered all it could conveniently carry off, answered to its name with great sociability when called upon, and could articulate a number of words pretty distinctly." English jays can also talk; and magpies, especially if kept in good health and spirits by being allowed partial freedom, soon pick up words. Most of the parrots, and some cockatoos and macaws, have both the mental and physical gifts necessary to make them excel in talking. Parrots of all classes have fleshy tongues,



COCKATOO.

moistened with saliva, and the arched beak provides a substitute for our palate and teeth. They have also wide nostrils, and their natural voices are loud enough and strong enough to equal the volume of human speech. In disposition they are highly imitative. Cockatoos are almost like monkeys in mimicking men. For instance, if you bow to them they will make elaborate bows. If you put your head on one side, they will often do so, too. But with many parrots the desire to learn new sounds is not, we think, a mere trick of mimmickery, but the desire to possess a song—an accomplishment with which to please, identical in kind with the motive which prompts the young of singing birds to learn their parents' notes, or, in the case of the canary, to learn and improve upon a song not their own, which they have transmitted to their posterity.

The following account of the development of the talking power in a young parrot is a strong confirmation of this view. The informant is a lady whose sympathies are by no means limited to parrots, as the context will show; and her observations are wholly reliablee "We bought Barry," she writes, "when he was quite young, before his feathers were fully grown, and we had him about a year before he began to talk. Then he began to make very odd noises, as if he were trying to say words, but could not quite do it. Now he constantly learns new words and sentences, and early in the morning I hear him practicing them over to himself, exactly as our babies used to do in the early morning hours in bed. If he improves as much in the next ten years as he has in the last he should be able to recite a poem if we teach him." There is no reason why a parrot should not continue to increase his stock of phrases as he grows older, if the supposition that he looks upon it as an accomplishment for which he is in some way the better is correct. The butcher bird, for instance, and the sedge-warbler do not rest satisfied with learning their own notes, but often learn and reproduce the notes of other birds in great perfection. The mocking bird, which, like the sedge-warbler, has a fine song of its own, does the same. But the

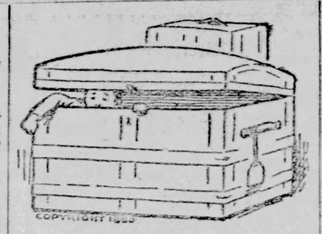
GRAY PARROT.

parrot has the advantage of being very long lived and constantly in human company. The young parrot mentioned gives an excellent instance of the association in its mind of words with things. Before it could talk it was friendly with a kitten which used to enter its cage. This kitten was sent away and for a year there was not another in the house. Then a gray Persian kitten was brought, and when introduced to the parrot was at once and dressed as "Kitty," a word hardly heard since the departure of the other. The correct imitation by a parrot is also remarkable. A lady of the Dutch court, visiting the palace at The Hague soon after the death of the late Queen of Holland, was startled at hearing the Queen's voice exactly reproduced. It was given by a white cockatoo, which had been a great pet with the deceased.

Parrots have no exclusive liking for the English language. They learn German, French or Dutch as easily. A parrot in Holland used to repeat parts of the Lord's prayer and fragments of its mistress' devotions, which it had heard in her room, in Dutch. With the cockatoos the small white and sulphur birds may

BLUE JAY.

say what sounds like "kupper cron," when they want their heads scratched. This is probably pure parrot language. Go to any cockatoo and say this, at the same time holding the hand well above his head, and he will undoubtedly answer and gradually lower his head and crest to allow the gentle stroking and ruffle of the feathers. Macaws do not seem to understand cockatoo language, but gray parrots often use the same sound. It seems to be a call-note, expressing willingness to be petted and make friends. It is often asked if the talking by birds is due to mental or physical causes. A good deal certainly depends, in the first place, on the bird's disposition. Some parrots and cockatoos never learn to talk, although it cannot be seen that there is any difference in the organs of speech from those who do. They seem to be without the immitative faculty, the same as hawks, which have curved beaks and thick tongues, but are silent. But, where the disposition to mimic is present, physical causes may limit or widen the bird's powers. The parrots and crows are both imitative, but the beaks and tongues of the parrots are more suited to imitate man's speech, just as the raven excels the jay. There seems no reason why parrots, if they would breed in confinement, should not teach their accomplishments to their young as canaries do theirs.



Checked

—the frightful inroads of Scrofula and all blood-taints. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies and enriches the blood, cleanses the system of all impurities, and restores health and strength. It cures all diseases arising from impure blood. Consumption is one of them. It's simply lung-scrofula. In all its earlier stages, the "Discovery" effects a cure. It's easy to see why. The medicine that masters scrofula in one part, is the best remedy for it in another. It *is* the best. It's warranted. It's the only blood and lung remedy that's *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, or the money will be refunded. No other medicine of its class does it. How many would be left if they did?

It's the *cheapest* blood-purifier, sold through druggists, (no matter how many doses are offered for a dollar,) because you only pay for *the good* you get.

Your money is returned if it doesn't benefit or cure you.

Can you ask more?

A BOSTON GIRL WORTH LOVING.

Oh, I know a maiden fair
Who inflates the interior etc
With a wondrous wealth of melody a dozen time a day.
She can whistle, she can sing,
She can play on everything;
On at least a dozen instruments I've heard this maiden play.

She can snap the light guitar,
Till its notes are heard afar.
She can plunk the giddy banjo till it's tired in the face;
She can raise a mighty din
On the merry mandolin;
She can pick the lightsome zither with precision and with grace.

The piano she can thump
Till it makes the neighbors jump
While the jewsharp and harmonica, they simply make her smile.
When she tucks the violin
Underneath her dimpled chin,
All the blackest kind of music she can polish off in style.

She can play the twangish harp,
Knows each fittie flat and sharp;
She can play the great church organ so it sets your brain awhirl;
And this maiden, who is she?
Why, that's plain enough to see,
She is nothing more than simply just the average Boston girl.

—[Boston Courier.

ELSIE LESLIE.

She Is a Natural, Not a Manufactured Actress.

Elsie Leslie, the clever little star of "Prince and Pauper," has a good claim to the title of actress. She has not been "coached," as the term is, in any of the business of the play. In fact, much of it is her own invention. For instance, the cracking of walnuts upon the throne in the last act came about at a rehearsal one day when Elsie, finding there was a long wait with nothing to do, suggested that she be allowed to carry on a couple of nuts, crack one on the throne and allow the other to roll upon the floor, just as it is now done in the play.

Mr. Belasco, the stage manager, saw the force of the suggestion, and it was at once adopted. At another rehearsal Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain), the author, said: "Elsie, you have very beautiful hands. They will do nicely for the prince, but how will they look for the pauper? You will have to disguise them somehow."

"I shall not disguise them them at all," said Elsie, seriously. "Your book says the pauper was exactly like the prince. If Tom Canty had dirty hands the courtiers would have known at once that he was not the prince. You see it is a good way to tell ladies and gentlemen by looking at their hands. Besides, Tom's hands must have been clean, for he had just changed clothes with the prince when the guards appeared, so there would have been no time for him to wash them. They really must have been clean always, Mr. Clemens, don't you think so?"

"Well," responded Tom, "I had not thought of it in that way."

"Just think it over," the child gravely replied.

Gratifying To All.

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup Company.

JAY COOKE'S FORTUNE.

He Has Just Recovered From the Great Crash of 1873.

The last dividend paid to those who were caught in the Jay Cooke & Co. disaster in 1873 has at last been paid. The obligations for which Jay Cooke & Co. were held amounted to $6,451,000, and upon this 15½ per cent has been paid. It is said that Jay Cooke has accumulated another fortune of between $3,000,000 and $3,000,000. He has a little back office in the building in Philadelphia where his banking house was formerly located. He is engaged in railroad and mining enterprises which each year yield a handsome addition to his repaired fortune. He is a man of great energy, and the crash of 1873 did not rob him of his ambition. His hair and beard are now snow white, but his face is ruddy and his step is elastic. He is a familiar figure in Philadelphia, with his long black coat, and his light, broad brimmed, soft felt hat. Mr. Cooke's feet are incased in cloth shoes that are a combination of Chinamen's slippers and an Indian's moccasins. He wears these shoes because he cannot endure leather ones. After his failure, Mr. Cooke did not lose faith in Northern Pacific. Friends loaned him money with which he bought from the estate and turned over to creditors a large block of the common shares at $1 or $2 each. He held on to the stock until it got up to the neighborhood of $80. He realized enough by this one purchase to provide a fund for future operations. He next became interested in the Big Horn Silver Mine, which he sold out for between $8,000,000 and $7,000,000, realizing for his own part of the transaction about $1,000,000.

Sudden Changes of Weather cause Throat Diseases. There's no more effectual remedy for Coughs, Colds, etc., than BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

DEFICIENT IN GALL.

The Story of a New Salesman and a Fresh Customer.

A young man recently obtained employment in a big wholesale dry goods down-town, and when a country customer, after purchasing a bill of goods amounting to about $7,500, intimated that a present would not be out of place, he did not know what to do.

"It is not customary for us to make presents," he said, "but I will take the liberty of doing so on my own account; here is a handsome tie."

"What!" exclaimed the customer, "only a tie!"

The salesman went to the office to consult his employer, who inquired the terms of the sale.

"Two-thirds down and a note for the balance," he answered.

"Well, give him his note."

Mr. Customer was informed of the decision.

"Say," he inquired, "will the house indorse it?"

"Of course not," was the reply.

"Well, then, give me the tie."

She Protested.

"Ella, have you heard the news? Your husband has sworn off from smoking." "He had better tell me so if he dare's! Where am I to get my new curtains? I permitted him to smoke only on the express condition that he should give me a pair of new curtains every year."—[Fliegende Blatten.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

Camps "Caterpillar" and "Potato.

CONTINUING the reminiscence published in THE BLADE, November 27, I would state that on our arrival at Green river bridge we found there Co. K and Co. G, of the 74th Ind. Among the former were several of my acquaintances who warmly urged me to remain with them until they joined the regiment, and I would have accepted their invitation but for the fact that my gun and accoutrements had gone on in the train to Louisville. If I had remained I would have been captured with the garrison, which occurred in less than one week. On arrival of the afternoon passenger train we started for Louisville, and caught up with our train at Shepardsville. The bridge having been burned, it became necessary to portage the camp equipage across Salt river at that place, which the boys had accomplished and were ready to start when we arrived. We reached Louisville without any further mishap, and found the regiment all O. K. It was encamped in a piece of woods in the suburbs of the city, and of all the places for a regimental camp, that took the lead. The trees were infested with millions of caterpillars, and it was impossible to cook a meal without having the cooking vessels tightly covered. Next to the above nuisance was the pie, cake and fruit vendors. I do not think I ever came across a more shameless gang of women than those who infested our camp. We moved from "Camp Caterpillar," as the boys christened it, to "Camp Potato," about the time that Jeff C. Davis shot Gen. Nelson. There were two kinds of potatoes there, Irish and sweet potatoes. Our guard line surrounded the field. We first commenced to dig the potatoes inside of our tents and afterwards in the streets of our camp. We could change the bill-of-fare at will from Irish to sweet potatoes. We remained in this camp until the army took up the line of march in pursuit of Bragg's army of cut-throats, who made their start at Perryville, Ky., where they were well cleaned out by our Yankee boys. The next morning after we left Louisville, October 3, 1862, the surgeon sent me to the hospital at Louisville, in charge of Assistant Surgeon Bassett, of the 74th. I did not see the regiment again until September 21, 1863.—C. H. WESTERS, Co. A, 74th I. V. I.

Their Last Roll-Call.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—On November 4, 1890, an old veteran passed over to answer the last roll-call, aged 83. In February, 1862, two gunboats came to Florence, Ala. My father went aboard one of them, and, after leaving the boats, he was met by a "gang" of "Southern chivalry," hustled off to prison, and kept in close confinement (his wife was very ill with consumption) until the news was received that "the Yankees are coming!" and then he was hurried across the river to prison in Lawrence county, and not permitted to see his wife, who died while he was confined in prison. He was released by the 4th Ohio Cav., recaptured between Tuscumbia and Courtland, Ala., escaped inside of an hour, and returned to Co. I while in battle line. His afterward was engaged in carrying dispatches, and penetrating the lines of the enemy, with Turchin and Granger. Afterwards he was engaged in the hospital, then in the transportation department. He was born in Vermont in 1808, and served in the United States service from April, 1802, to October, 1865. He also had a brother, W. Hyde, captain of a company of Wisconsin volunteers, at Shiloh battle; also a nephew.

* * *

On Nov. 7 an old Confederate veteran also passed away—Gen. E. A O'Neil, ex-governor of Alabama. He and my father were the warmest of personal friends. O'Neal never persecuted any one; his heart was too large to do such a thing. After the battle of Gettysburg the Federals carried a lot of Rebel prisoners to Philadelphia in cars, and, while side-tracked, a wounded Federal soldier, with his arm in a sling, standing by, asked:

"Do any of you know General O'Neal?"

"Yes! yes!" was the answer.

"Well, if you ever see him, tell him, for me, God bless him! He gave me water on the battle field."

My father survived his personal persecutors, for opinion's sake, or the last one of them, by nearly a year.—DE FOREST HYDE.

A Southern Federal.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Comrade Dan Knight wishes to hear from Southern Federals through the Camp Fire, and as I belong to that class, I thought perhaps it would be interesting to the boys to know how I got to the Federal army. I left home in North Carolina July 21, 1863, at the age of 18, and August 10, following, I reached Camp Nelson, Kentucky. We lay in the woods during the day, and traveled at night, until we crossed the Cumberland mountains. We were very much fatigued when we got to camp, as well as hungry. On August 11, 1863, I was mustered into service as a private, and on the next day took up the march with Burnside's army for East Tennessee. I was with the command until we were discharged, June 30, 1865. Was with Burnside in Tennessee, Sherman in Georgia till after the capture of Atlanta; Columbia, Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., against Hood, and afterwards rejoined Sherman's army at Goldsboro, N. C. The 1st Brig., 3d Div., 23d A. C., was the command to which I belonged.

The township in which I lived at the beginning of the war was unanimously for the Union, and of course all the cruelties that the rebels thereabout could invent were heaped upon our citizens, and during hostilities about forty Unionists in our township were murdered. I wish I was capable of writing up the cruelties that were heaped upon the Unionists here in time of the war, but I am not. But do not many of the federal soldiers know all about it, especially those who were confined in rebel prisons? I am sorry it is so, but in many places in the South to-day, men who do not agree with the rebel element, and are outspoken against it, are in peril of their lives.—M. A. C., Co. K, 8th Tenn. V. I.

The Reason Given.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Comrade Lost requests THE BLADE to take some action in regard to what he calls the "incurable insane" soldiers. The Milwaukee National Home contains at this writing probably 2,500 members, all of whom, with very few exceptions, were pronounced sane men by the examining surgeon when admitted. As the years rolled by more and more became insane. Most are harmless, but some are vicious. Every year a batch of these unfortunates are sent to the asylum at Washington, in order to make room here, and for better treatment at the capital. Still, they multiply at an alarming rate, till the number of so-called "cranks" is something fearful to understand, even by a close observer. The causes are said to be broken health, broken hearts, broken fortunes, family troubles and failure in obtaining pensions. For the benefit of, and as a well meant, timely warning to all comrades, and wives, sons and daughters of veterans who are now inmates of this or any other Home, I wish to give my own reason for this increase of insanity among the old soldiers. In a majority of cases I honestly believe that the cause can plainly be traced to an entirely different source than the above mentioned reason. Friends, you have neglected the veteran by considering that he has already been well provided for by a grateful people, and consequently you have almost entirely forgotten him—you never (or hardly ever) correspond, never send him his local newspapers; you do not cheer him up, and never throw a ray of sunshine across his lonely, wearisome way. Days, weeks, months and years pass by, but he never receives a single token of love or remembrance. Day after day your feeble old friend of former happy days wanders to his postoffice and calls for letters that never come. Week after week he sends messages to loved ones or friends of his schoolboy days, but never receives an answer. Slowly, with feeble steps and bowed head, he walks about the Home grounds; his comrades that pass by he never knows. Life is a drudge, and hope is gone, and how it ends you can well imagine. Some day his roommates read his funeral notice on the "bulletin board" in the main halls, or are informed that he has been sent over to the "crazy" ward. The governor of the Home is a kind and just man. The surgeons do all they can to ease the old sufferers, but, alas! they cannot return youth to them; they cannot replace friends, wives, sons and daughters, and above all, the National Home is not the "Home, Sweet Home" that the soldier dreamed and sang of during and before the war. Please remember your old friends at the Home, and forgive me if I have spoken rashly or wrong.—FRED ROGGE, Co. E, 88th Ohio Inft.

The Third Michigan Cavalry.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In the fall of 1862 Gen. Grant marched from Corinth and Lagrange, Tenn., towards Vicksburg, by way of Holly Springs and Oxford, Miss. About 2 o'clock a. m., November 7, the 3d Michigan cavalry was ordered to saddle, mount and move forward. Co. A in the advance. Comrade Chas. Billings and myself were on the extreme advance, with orders to move swiftly and quietly until we come to the rebel pickets, and to capture them without alarm if possible. If not, the main advance would support us. The morning was very dark and foggy.

When about a mile from Holly Springs we saw a small fire of coals at one side of the road, about 80 rods ahead, and noticed some one moving around.

A few cold waves like the old-fashioned ague chilled me somewhat, then the fever set in. I grasped my Colt's navy with the grip of a master-mason and prepared to meet the enemy.

When about four or five rods from the fire a man stepped into the road and gave the command: "Halt; who comes there?"

Billings replied: "Friends with the countersign." The Johnny then said: "Advance one with the countersign."

Charley rode up to him with his revolver at a "ready" held to his breast, and ordered the rebel to surrender. The latter aimed his carbine at Charley, but was too late. Charley pulled the trigger and the enemy fell a corpse. In an instant I was ready, and seeing a Johnny attempt to mount a horse by the fire, one shot from my revolver brought him down. I saw their arms in a fence corner, and springing from my house I secured them. One of the pickets escaped through a hole in the fence, though we fired several shots at him. Result at picket post—one killed, one wounded, five more prisoners and one escaped. We had just got in shape when the regiment went past like a Kansas cyclone, capturing about 150 prisoners, many horses, commissary stores, etc. We were also the first Yanks to enter the beautiful city of Holly Springs.

Would say to J. B. Staufer, that Co. A did its full share in the Ripley races, and was the last to mount. Co. A fired 40 rounds at short range. We were glad to escape, as it seemed for a time almost impossible to get out. Mounted Johnnies were on all sides.—M. C. MCCURDY, Co. A, 3d Mich. V. V. Cav.

Eighth Wisconsin Battery.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I have been a reader of THE BLADE since before the Camp Fire burned in it. I always look over the columns to see if there is any thing from the 8th Wis. Battery, but I've seen never a word from any of the boys yet. I am sure there were many that were capable and, I thought, patriotic enough to say something in behalf of their battery. I would like to hear from some of them. My husband, O. German, served three years and eight months, sixteen months as a gun sergeant. After the battle of Stone River he was promoted to first lieutenant, in which capacity he served the rest of his time, being discharged at Milwaukee, August 15, 1865. He died in 1870. Those were trying times when we felt obliged to say, "Go, and we will do the best we can while you fight for our old flag." God bless our native land, and may the Old Flag still continue to wave "O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."—MRS. S. T. EMERT.

Information Wanted.

☞ Requests of this sort will be inserted in this department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines, one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

Wanted—Address of any one who knows time and cause of death of John Ortman, Co. H, 36th O. Vol. Inf. Died at Camp Chase, April 29, 1865. Address J. C. Jennings, Ingalls, Kansas.

It Is Abominable!

to go through life with "smells" in the mouth. Abominable not more to the sufferer than his friends. Buy SOZODONT and abolish the teeth which remain, or, better still, use it now and save your teeth. SOZODONT is economical.

WITH THE WITS.

He jests at scars who never played foot ball.—[St. Paul Globe.

The work of the carriage blacksmith is tiring.—[Binghamton Leader.

Hosiery will be sure to go up on the 25th of this month.—[Boston Beacon.

If a courting match is not declared off, it must end in a tie.—[New Orleans Picayune.

If money is to be a drug in the market by January 15, as Jay Gould says it is, everybody will be on hand early in the morning of that day with a prescription for it.—[Chicago Tribune.

If the new copyright bill encourages printers to get their copy right occasionally, there will be no further need of a devil in the printing office to do the swearing.—[Binghamton Republican.

**He Loved

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.

2. Do not ask where you can buy or sell anything; the ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Army of the Cumberland.

E. C. P., Pierre, S. D.: The following is the organization of the Army of the Cumberland, given by regiments, as it appears in Van Horn's History of the Army of the Cumberland:

Department Headquarters—15th Pennsylvania cavalry, Col. W. J. Palmer; 10th Ohio, Col. J. W. Burke; battalion 1st Ohio sharpshooters, Capt. G. M. Barber.

Twentieth Army Corps—Maj. Gen. A. McD. McCook.

First Division—Brig. Gen. Jeff. C. Davis; First Brigade—Col. P. S. Post; 22d Indiana, 74th Illinois, 75th Illinois.

Second Brigade—Gen. W. P. Carlin; 21st Illinois, 38th Illinois, 15th Wisconsin, 101st Ohio.

Third Brigade—Col. H. C. Hegand; 21st Indiana, 74th Illinois, 36th Illinois, 8th Kansas.

Artillery—5th Wisconsin, 2d Minnesota, 8th Wisconsin batteries.

Second Division—Brig. Gen. R. W. Johnson; First Brigade—Gen. A. Willich; 49th Ohio, 39th Indiana, 32d Indiana, 15th Ohio, 89th Illinois.

Second Brigade—Col. J. B. Dodge; 57th Pennsylvania, 29th Indiana, 30th Indiana, 79th Illinois, 34th Illinois.

Third Brigade—Col. P. P. Baldwin; 6th Indiana, 1st Ohio, 93d Ohio, 5th Kentucky cavalry.

Artillery—Battery A, 1st Ohio; 20th Ohio, 5th Indiana batteries.

Third Division—Maj. Gen. P. H. Sheridan; First Brigade—Gen. W. H. Lytle; 88th Illinois, 24th Illinois, 24th Wisconsin, 21st Michigan.

Second Brigade—Col. B. Laibolt; 2d Missouri, 15th Missouri, 44th Illinois, 73d Illinois.

Third Brigade—Col. L. P. Bradley; 22d Illinois, 27th Illinois, 42d Illinois, 51st Illinois.

Artillery—Battery C, H, 2d Indiana; G, 1st Missouri; C, 1st Illinois.

Fourteenth Army Corps—Maj. Gen. Geo. H. Thomas—Company L, 1st Ohio cavalry, escort; 9th Michigan, provost guard.

First Division—Brig. Gen. A. Baird; First Brigade—Col. B. F. Scribner; 38th Indiana, 44th Ohio, 2d Ohio, 33d Ohio, 19th Wisconsin.

Second Brigade—Gen. J. C. Starkweather; 1st Wisconsin, 1st Wisconsin, 24th Illinois, 6th Pennsylvania.

Third Brigade—Gen. J. H. King; 15th United States, 1st battalion; 16th United States, 1st battalion; 18th United States, 1st battalion; 19th United States, 1st battalion.

Artillery—1st Michigan battery, 4th Indiana battery, battery H, 5th U. S. A.

Second Division—Maj. Gen. J. S. Negley; First Brigade—Gen. John Beatty; 42d Indiana, 79th Ohio, 18th Kentucky, 88th Indiana, 104th Illinois.

Second Brigade—Col. T. R. Stanley; 18th Ohio, 69th Ohio, 19th Illinois, 11th Michigan.

Third Brigade—Col. W. Sirwell; 78th Pennsylvania, 21st Ohio, 74th Ohio, 37th Indiana.

Artillery—Battery A, 1st Ohio; battery M, 1st Ohio; Illinois light artillery, (Bridge's battery).

Third Division—Brig. Gen. J. M. Brannan; First Brigade—Col. John M. Connell; 17th Ohio, 31st Ohio, 38th Ohio, 82d Indiana.

Second Brigade—Col. John P. Croxton; 4th Kentucky, 10th Kentucky, 10th Indiana, 74th Indiana, 14th Ohio.

Third Brigade—Col. John F. Vanderveer; 9th Ohio, 35th Ohio, 2d Minnesota, 87th Indiana.

Artillery—4th Michigan battery; battery C, 1st Ohio; battery I, 4th U. S. A.

Fourth Division—Maj. Gen. A. J. Reynolds; First Brigade—Col. J. T. Wilder; 17th Indiana, 123d Indiana, 92d Illinois, 98th Illinois, 123d Illinois.

Second Brigade—Col. E. A. King; 68th Indiana, 75th Indiana, 101st Indiana, 80th Illinois, 123d Illinois.

Third Brigade—Gen. J. B. Turchin; 11th Ohio, 36th Ohio, 89th Ohio, 92d Ohio.

Artillery—18th Indiana battery, 19th Indiana battery, 23d Indiana battery.

Twenty-First Army Corps—Maj. Gen. T. L. Crittenden.

First Division—Brig. Gen. T. J. Wood; First Brigade—Col. George P. Buell; 25th Ohio, 35th Indiana, 13th Michigan, 100th Illinois.

Second Brigade—Gen. G. D. Wagner; 15th Indiana, 40th Indiana, 51st Indiana, 57th Indiana, 99th Ohio.

Third Brigade—Col. C. G. Harker; 3d Kentucky, 64th Ohio, 65th Ohio, 125th Ohio, 65d Indiana.

Artillery—10th Indiana battery, 8th Indiana battery, 6th Ohio battery.

Second Division—Maj. Gen. J. M. Palmer; First Brigade—Gen. Charles Cruft; 1st Kentucky, 2d Kentucky, 31st Indiana, 90th Ohio.

Second Brigade—Gen. W. H. Hazen; 41st Ohio, 124th Ohio, 6th Kentucky, 9th Indiana, 110th Illinois, battalion.

Third Brigade—Col. W. Grose; 6th Indiana, 24th Ohio, 6th Ohio, 23d Kentucky, 84th Illinois.

Artillery—Battery B, 1st Ohio; battery M, 4th U. S.; battery 2, 1st Ohio; battery H, 4th U. S.

Third Division—Brig. Gen. H. P. Van Cleve; First Brigade—Gen. S. Beatty; 9th Kentucky, 17th Kentucky, 19th Ohio, 79th Indiana.

Second Brigade—Col. George F. Dick; 44th Indiana, 86th Indiana, 13th Ohio, 59th Ohio, 6th Illinois.

Third Brigade—Gen. N. Barnes; 31st Ohio, 9th Ohio, 36th Indiana, 8th Kentucky, 21st Kentucky.

Artillery—20th Pennsylvania battery, 3d Wisconsin battery, 7th Indiana battery.

Reserve Corps—Maj. Gen. R. S. Granger; company F, 1st Missouri cavalry, escort.

First Division—Brig. Gen. James B. Steedman; First Brigade—Gen. W. C. Whittaker; 6th Ohio, 84th Indiana, 96th Illinois, 115th Illinois.

Second Brigade—Col. J. G. Mitchell; 98th Ohio, 113th Ohio, 121st Ohio, 78th Illinois.

Third Brigade—Col. John Coburn; 33d Indiana, 85th Indiana, 22d Wisconsin, 19th Michigan.

Artillery—18th Ohio battery; battery M, 1st Illinois art.; 9th Ohio battery.

Second Division—Brig. Gen. J. D. Morgan; First Brigade—Col. R. F. Smith; 10th Illinois, 50th Illinois, 60th Illinois, 10th Michigan, 14th Michigan.

Second Brigade—Col. D. M. McCook; 85th Illinois, 86th Illinois, 125th Illinois, 23d Illinois.

Third Brigade—Col. C. C. Doolittle; 18th Michigan, 23d Michigan, 100th Ohio, 108th Ohio, 10th Tennessee.

Artillery—10th Wisconsin battery; battery I, 1st Illinois art.; battery E, 1st Ohio art.

Third Division—Brig. Gen. R. S. Granger; First Brigade—Col. S. D. Bruce; 83d Illinois, 13th Wisconsin, 71st Ohio, 102d Ohio, 28th Kentucky.

Second Brigade—Gen. T. D. Ward; 70th Indiana, 79th Ohio, 102d Illinois, 105th Illinois, 129th Illinois.

Third Brigade—Gen. J. G. Spears; 3d Tennessee, 20th Tennessee, 6th Tennessee.

Artillery—Battery H, 2d Illinois; 5th Michigan battery, 1st Tennessee battery.

Cavalry—Maj. Gen. D. S. Stanley, absent; Brig. Gen. Robert H. Mitchell.

First Division—Col. E. M. McCook; First Brigade—Col. A. P. Campbell; 2d Michigan, 9th Pennsylvania, 1st Tennessee.

Second Brigade—Col. O. H. La Grange; 2d Indiana, 4th Indiana, 2d Tennessee, 3d Tennessee, 1st Wisconsin.

Third Brigade—Col. L. D. Watkins; 4th Kentucky, 5th Kentucky, 6th Kentucky, 7th Kentucky; section battery D, 1st Ohio artillery.

Second Division—Brig. Gen. Geo. Crook; First Brigade—Col. R. H. G. Minty; 7th Pennsylvania, 4th Michigan, 4th U. S. cav., 3d Indiana (battalion).

Second Brigade—Col. Eli Long; 1st Ohio, 3d Ohio, 4th Ohio, 2d Kentucky.

Third Brigade—Col. W. Lowe; 5th Iowa, 10th Ohio, 5th Tennessee; Chicago Board of Trade battery.

Unassigned Troops—Pioneer brigade, Brig. Gen. J. St. C. Morton; three battalions, 1st Michigan Engineers and Mechanics, Col. W. S. Innes.

2d Kentucky battery, with Michigan Engineers and Mechanics.

1st Kentucky battery, "Fortress Rosecrans," Murfreesboro, Tenn.

12th Indiana battery, Nashville, Tenn.

13th Indiana battery, Gallatin, Tenn.

20th Indiana battery, Nashville, Tenn.

Battery C, 2d Illinois artillery, "Fort Donelson," Tenn.

4th Tennessee cavalry, Nashville, Tenn.

Battalion 8th Kentucky cavalry, Clarksville, Tenn.

President Arthur.

R. K., Toledo, O.: Chester A. Arthur was born in Fairfield, Franklin county, Vermont, October 5, 1830, and died in New York, November 18, 1886. He graduated at Union College in 1848, being one of the six highest members of his class who were admitted to the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity. In 1854 Mr. Arthur was principal of an academy at Bennington, Vt.

The same year Arthur, having saved enough money, removed to New York city where he entered the law office of Erastus D. Culver. On being admitted to the bar the law firm of Culver, Parker and Arthur was formed, and in addition to practicing the law he took an active part for the colored people in the various suits fought in their behalf.

In his early days Mr. Arthur was a Henry Clay Whig, and cast his first vote in 1852, for Winfield Scott for President. He was a delegate to the Republican state convention in 1856, and also took an active part in the Fremont campaign during that year. On January 1, 1861, Gov. Edwin D. Morgan, who, on that date, entered on his second term, and between whom and Mr. Arthur a warm friendship had grown up, appointed him his staff as engineer in chief, with rank of brigadier general.

He had previously taken part in the organization of the state militia, and had been judge advocate of the second brigade. He continued to act as such for Gov. Morgan in various capacities in organizing and arranging the state troops. On June 28, 1862, he acted as secretary at a meeting of the loyal governors, held in New York city, at the Astor house.

In 1871 he was appointed collector of the port of New York by President Grant and performed the duties to the satisfaction of the public. On retiring from the office of collector in 1879, Gen. Arthur resumed law practice with the firm of Arthur, Phelps, Knevals & Ransom. But he continued to be active in politics and in 1880 advocated the nomination of Gen. Grant to succeed President Hayes.

He was a delegate at large to the Chicago convention which met on June 2, and during the heated preliminary contest before the Republican national committee which threatened to result in organization of two separate conventions. After the nomination of Gen. Garfield, Gen. Arthur, as the representative of the Grant element, carried New York state by a majority of 21,000 against a Democratic majority of 30,000 for Tilden and Hendricks.

At the previous presidential election Vice President Arthur took the oath of office on March 4, 1881, and presided over the extra session of the Senate which then began and continued until May 20.

President Garfield was shot July 2, 1881, and died September 19. His cabinet announced his death to the vice president, then in New York, and at their suggestion, he took the oath as President on the 20th at his residence, 123 Lexington avenue, before Judge John R. Brady, of the New York Supreme court. On the 23d the oath was formally administered by Chief Justice Waite in the vice president's room in the capitol. President Arthur served with great credit as president, and his administration is admitted to be free from fault.

He died suddenly at his residence, No. 123 Lexington avenue, New York, Thursday morning, November 18, 1886.

The funeral services were held on the following Monday at the Church of the Heavenly Rest. President Cleveland and his cabinet, Chief Justice Waite, ex-President Hayes, James G. Blaine, and the surviving members of his cabinet, were present. On the same day a special train conveyed his remains to Albany, where they were placed by the side of his wife at the family burying ground in Rural cemetery.

Pension Questions.

C. W. W., Hidalgo, Tex.: "A soldier enlisted for three years, in August, 1862; was discharged in December, 1863, for disability; did not receive any bounty when discharged. Is he entitled to any bounty?"

If discharged for cause other than wounds, you are not entitled to bounty. For meaning of "gerrymander" see Bureau of November 13.

J. P. S., Armour, N. C.: "Persons who were employed in the hospitals during the civil war, and were not paid for service rendered, can it be obtained? If so, to whom should I apply?"

Write to The Surgeon General of the Army, Washington, D. C., stating the facts.

Veteran, Ligonier, Pa.: "1.—Suppose a pensioner, receiving less than $12 per month, applies for increase under the general laws, and then afterward, before action is taken, applies also under the disability act of last June, then goes before the examining board, which rates him higher than $12 per month, what will the commissioner of pensions be likely to do under the circumstances?

"2.—After a medical examination on applications under act of last June, how much time would probably elapse before claim would be allowed?

"3.—If a board of examiners should report a claimant as totally unable for manual labor, what amount of pension would he be entitled to, and does the commissioner allow the rating of the board?"

1.—If you claim is allowed under the old law below $12 per month, complete the one under the new law. The commissioner of pensions will do you justice.

2.—One hundred days.

3.—From $6 to $12 per month.

M. M. C., Chapel Hill, Tenn.: Under the disability pension law of last June, you, as the wife of an honorably discharged soldier who served over three months, are entitled to a pension of $8 per month; and you are also entitled to $2 per month for each child under 16 years of age. Pensions are paid from the date of application. If an agent is employed, his fee can not be above $10. You can write to the "Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C." stating the case, and asking for the proper blanks to fill out, which will be sent you by him, or you can employ a pension attorney.

The Dorr Rebellion.

L. W. K., Toledo, O.: In 1840, Connecticut and Rhode Island were the only states that were still governed by their colonial charters. The charter of the latter state, imposing as it did, a property qualification so high as to disfranchise two-thirds of its citizens was extremely unpopular. A proposition of Thomas W. Dorr, of Providence, to extend the franchise, was voted down. Dorr then took to agitation, and finally a convention prepared a constitution and submitted it to a popular vote. Its supporters claimed a majority for it, which its opponents, known as the law and order party, denied. Nevertheless, in 1842 the constitution was proclaimed to be in force. An election was held under it, only the suffrage party participating.

Dorr was elected governor. The suffrage legislature assembled at Providence with Thomas W. Dorr as governor; the charter legislature at Newport with Samuel W. King as governor. After transacting some business, the suffrage legislature adjourned. The charter legislature authorized the governor to take energetic steps and an appeal was made to the national government.

The suffragists raised an armed resistance but were dispersed. Dorr fled, but soon returned and gave himself up. He was convicted of high treason in 1844, and sentenced to imprisonment for life, but was pardoned in 1845, and in 1852 restored to his civil rights. The charter party, soon after the rebellion, proposed an extension of suffrage, which was carried, and went into effect in May, '43.

Francis Harriet Greene.

Reader, Sicily, O.: Francis Harriet Greene was born in Smithfield, R. I., September 4, 1805, died in California June 10, 1875. She was educated in Providence, R. I., and was early thrown on her own resources for support through the business failure of her father, George Whipple, who was at one time a wealthy citizen of Smithfield. In 1842 in Lowell, Mass., she married Charles S. Greene, an artist, and resided in Springfield, Mass. The marriage proved uncongenial and in 1847 she was divorced. In 1860 she visited California and was married in 1862 to William C. Macdougall of that state and remained there until her death.

In the Dorr Rebellion in Rhode Island in May, 1842, she became a violent partisan of the suffrage party and suffered much social unpopularity from her course. During this year she conducted the *Wampanoag*, journal designed for the elevation of the laboring classes, and contributed freely to reform periodicals, particularly to the *Spiritual Philosopher*, a paper devoted to the exposition of principles of nature in their application to individual and social life. She also published many articles of interest on various topics.

Homestead Questions.

J. Homer: "I had taken a homestead some thirteen years ago but did not prove upon it, but abandoned it. According to some of the late laws that have been passed, am I entitled to take another?"

Yes.

H. H. S., Jones's Mills, Pa.: "1.—A person making two of one government land receives a final receipt. Is it a good title to the land? 2.—Can there be a county or state tax collected on said land before the patent is issued? 3.—Where is the proper land office to apply to for a patent? 4.—In regard to timber claims, if two-thirds of the timber that is required on ten acres stands on three acres, and the remaining third is scattered over the other seven acres, will proof be accepted; or, in other words, is it complying with the law?"

1.—Yes. 2.—No. 3.—Apply to the commissioner of the land office. 4.—Yes.

Senator Ingalls.

S. W. M., Greenleaf, Kan.: Senator Ingalls was born in Middleton, Mass., December 29, 1833. He was graduated at Williams in 1855, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1857. He removed to Atchison, Kan., in 1858, and practiced his profession; was a member of the Wyandotte convention of 1859; secretary of the territorial council in 1860 and of the state senate in 1861 and a member of the latter body in 1862.

In the same year he was an unsuccessful candidate for lieutenant governor. After his defeat he accepted the editorship of the Atchison *Champion*, which he retained for three years. He was again defeated for the lieutenant governorship in 1864, but was elected United States Senator for the term beginning in 1873, and was twice re-elected. In 1887 he was elected president pro tempore, which made him acting Vice President. In 1889 he was re-elected president pro tempore. He is an able debater.

Three Queries.

G. W. P., Trimble, Ill., asks: "1.—In what manner are the prices in the world's markets of gold and silver bullion quoted?"

The standard metal of the world is gold, and therefore all prices are quoted at their value in that metal.

"2.—What is the real market value of the silver that is in the standard dollar to-day?"

If you will look on the 6th page of any issue of the Weekly BLADE, you will find the market price of silver bullion per ounce. Multiply that price by .7384%, and the result will be the value of the silver in the silver dollar.

"3.—Can any one take any gold or silver they may possess to the United States mints and get it coined free?"

The United States will coin any gold that may be given them for that purpose, charging for it only enough to cover the coining. Silver, however, will not be coined, as the secretary of the Treasury is authorized to purchase all the necessary silver.

Natural Gas.

R. C., Maumee, O., asks: "Is there not a law on the statute books of Ohio that will prohibit the Northwestern Natural Gas company from piping the gas out of the state of Ohio into the state of Michigan? The governor of Indiana stopped the company from piping gas from that state into Illinois."

There is no such law on the statute books of Ohio as you refer to in your question. In the Indiana case, which you mention, the order of the governor was afterwards revoked, and Indiana gas is now being piped to Chicago.

Why Will You.

Continue to use medicine containing mercury and potash, when you know that it will ruin your health. Swift's Specific S. S. S. while it contains no mercury or poison of any kind, it is the only permanent cure for contagious Blood Taint, or inherited scrofula.—

S. S. S.

IS PURELY VEGETABLE.

Beware of cheap limitations and so-called blood purifiers claiming to be just as good. There is only one S. S. S. Take nothing else.

BOOK ON BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES FREE.

The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga

Clean as a whistle

—everything that is cleaned with Pearline. It takes away all that you want taken, and leaves fresh and pure all that you want left. It cleans house with half the work; it does your washing while you wait. Pearline is a harmless powder. It is hard to waste it, easy to use it, but difficult to do without it.

Beware of imitations. 299 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

Government Bonds.

J. H. M., Geneva, Neb., asks: "If legal tender notes were good enough to purchase United States bonds and pay the soldiers with, why were they not good enough to pay the bonds?"

Gold coin was then and is now the standard of value of all countries, and as the United States desired to find a European market for their bonds they were made payable in gold. Otherwise they could not have been sold abroad, for no one would have bought them.

Yates War Governor of Illinois.

A correspondent sends us the following: "I think you are mistaken about Oglesby being the war governor of Illinois. Richard Yates is entitled to that honor, I think. I find by the records that his term of office as governor expired in 1865, and as his term was for four years, he was therefore elected in November, 1860, and the commencement of his term in January following, or 1861."

Miscellaneous.

C. W., Plymouth, Ore.: Jefferson Davis attended the Protestant Episcopal church.

J. T. B., Morgantown, Ky.: Your question is answered in the bureau of December 4.

V. H. L., Rippey, Ia.: Your question is answered in the Weekly of November 20, 1890.

H. F. N., Clyde, O.: Your question is answered in the WEEKLY of February 27, 1890.

F. P. P., Brisbin, Penn.: Your question is answered in the WEEKLY BLADE of December 4.

E. E. H., Sheep Run, O.: Your question has been referred to the Household department.

C. A. P., Fairchild, Wis.: The poem which you refer to is entirely too long for us to publish.

Subscriber, Ridgeville, Tenn.: Yosemite is pronounced *Yo-sem-e-te*—accent on the second syllable.

J. H. J., Fandon, Neb.: Your question is answered on the editorial page of the weekly of December 11.

L. M. T., Mt. Carmel, Ill.: We do not know whether the "Mysterious Parchment" is still published or not.

J. B., Osceola, Neb.: The interview in which Blaine is said to have denounced the McKinley bill is false.

J. H., LeRoy, Ill.: There were imported in the United States from June, 1889, to June, 1890, 1,636 bushels of corn, valued at $968.

J. B., Osage Mission, Kan.: You must make you grammatical question more concise. We do not understand what you want to know.

R. T., Obed, Ill.; H. H. S., Jefferson, O.: Your questions are answered in the Weekly of November 27, under the head of Railroad Facts.

B. F. R., New Richmond, Wis.: It has already been stated in the last three weeks that we are unable to go into the state laws of Wisconsin.

A. E. W., Rose Hill, Indiana: Gen. Grant attained the highest rank of any general in the Union army during the civil war, and Gen. Lee in the Confederate army.

W. L. M., Cameron, West Va.: 1. Your first question is answered in the Weekly BLADE of Dec. 25, on page 7 in column 7. 2. We have not the space to discuss abstract questions.

W. J. B., Oaky Streak, Ala.: The Republicans have a majority of ten in the Senate of the Fifty-first Congress, and will have a majority in the Senate of the Fifty-second Congress, how large cannot yet be determined.

J. T. L., Condit, Ohio: The Anchor Line steamers sail between New York and Liverpool, the Cunard line between New York and Liverpool, the French line between Havre and New York, the Guion between New York and Liverpool, the Inman line between New York and Liverpool, and the White Star between New York and Liverpool.

W. H., Osage, Iowa: The President of the United States must be a native of the United States. The clause that you refer to means that he must have been a resident of the United States fourteen years before the adoption of the constitution or a native to be eligible to the presidency. If a native, however, ever leaves the United States he must have resided in the United States fourteen years. Absence, however, on travels or in the diplomatic service of the United States, is not counted.

L. L. H., Toledo, O.: 1.—We prefer not to criticise your penmanship. 2.—A state senator in Ohio receives $800 per year. His duties are to attend the state senate while the legislature is in session, to look after the interests of the state and of his constituents, to prevent, if possible, legislation which, in his opinion, is derogatory either to the interests of the state or his district. To introduce such bills as may seem necessary and in accordance with their interests, and generally work for the benefit of the public at large.

Catarrh
In the head
Is a constitutional
Disease, and requires
A constitutional remedy
Like Hood's Sarsaparilla
Which purifies the blood,
Makes the weak strong,
Restores health.
Try it now.

INDIANS AND THE IRON HORSE

How a Lot of Redskins Tried to Stop a Kansas Pacific Engine.

When the Kansas Pacific was first opened the Indians were very hostile and there was constant fear that they would wreck the trains. That they did not is due to their ignorance of the iron horse and of the best methods of destroying it. One of my firemen, says R. W. Yedder, an old engineer, had an experience with the Cheyennes that he never will forget. He was on the road near Fort Wallace, when he saw that the Indians had cut the telegraph wire, and knew that he might look out for squalls. They were never satisfied with simply cutting the wire, but chopped it into inch pieces with their tomahawks to effectually stop the mysterious messages.

As the train comes near a large patch of sunflowers, which grew on both sides of the track, over a hundred Indians rose up, stretched a rope across the track, braced themselves and prepared to receive the shock of the locomotive. As was afterward learned, they had taken rawhide straps, braided them together and, with a force of fifty at each end of the rope, thought they would be able to stop the train. The instant the locomotive struck the rope the air was full of Indians. They were thrown in all directions. Some were jerked clear across the train, and more than a dozen were killed or seriously injured. This was the last attempt made for years to stop the trains.

The Cradle of Calico Printing.

Calico printing is believed not to have been practiced in Europe till the seventeenth century. In what country the art was first introduced, according to Baines, is doubtful: "At the beginning of the eighteenth century Augsburg, where the manufacture of cotton had prevailed long before its introduction into England, was famous for its printed linens and cottons; but even on this it is not easy to obtain any authentic information of its introduction. That city long supplied the manufacturers of Alsace and Switzerland with color markers, dyers, etc., a proof of the earlier establishment of the art in Augsburg, which has witnessed alike its birth and decay."

The Man for the Emergency.

Inexperienced Young Wife (whose husband has returned home for the first time under the influence)—Darling, you are sick. Let me send for the doctor.

Husband (one of the boys)—No, don't send for any doctor, but if my symptoms don't improve soon, send for a snake charmer.—[Life.

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE ON MOUNT LEBANON.

Where King Solomon Cut the Cedars for His Temple—Only a Grove of the Giants Left Standing.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 14.—To-day Dr. Talmage preached another sermon of his series on Palestine and the adjoining countries. After delivering it in the Academy of Music of this city, he preached it again in the evening in New York. Dr. Talmage announced as his text Psalm, civ., 16: "The cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted."

In our journey we change stirrup for wheel. It is 4 o'clock in the morning, at Damascus, Syria, and we are among the lanterns of the hostelry, waiting for the stage to start. A Mohammedan in high life is putting his three wives on board within an apartment by themselves, and four party occupy the main apartment of one of the most uncomfortable vehicles in which mortals were ever jammed and half strangulated. But we must not let the discomforts annul or disparage the opportunities. We are rolling on and out and up the mountains of Lebanon, their forehead under a crown of snow which coronet the fingers of the hottest summer cannot cast down. We are ascending heights all around which is garlanded much of the finest poesy of the Scriptures, and are rising toward the mightiest dominion that botany ever recognized, reigned over by the most imperial tree that ever swayed in leafy scepter—the Lebanon cedar; a tree eulogized in my text as having grown from a nut put into the ground by God himself, and no human hand had anything to do with its planting: "The trees of Lebanon which he hath planted."

The average height of this mountain is 7,000 feet, but in one place it lifts its head to an altitude of 10,000. No higher than 6,000 feet can vegetation exist, but below that line, at the right season, are vineyards and orchards, and olive groves, and flowers that dash the mountain side with a very carnage of color, and fill the air with aromatics that Hosea, the prophet, and Solomon, the king, celebrated as "the smell of Lebanon." At a height of 6,000 feet is a grove of cedars, the only descendants of those vast forests from which Solomon cut his timber for the temple at Jerusalem, and where at one time there were 100,000 axmen hewing out the beams from which great cities were constructed. But this nation of trees has by human iconoclasm been massacred until only a small group is left. This race of giants is nearly extinct, but the Imam Jumeh between New York and Liverpool, and the White Star between New York and Liverpool.

As we ride over Lebanon to-day, there is a howling wind sweeping past and a dash of rain, all the better enabling us to appreciate that description of a tempest, which no doubt was suggested by what David had seen with his own eye among these heights, for as a soldier, he carried his wars clear up to Damascus, and such a poet as he, I warrant, spent many a day in Lebanon. And perhaps while he sat seated on this very rock against which our carriage jolts, he writes that wonderful description of a thunderstorm: "The voice of the Lord is powerful. The voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. He maketh them also to skip like a calf, Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn. The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire."

One of the Lebanon cedars was examined by a scientist, and from its concentric circles it was found to be thirty-five hundred years old and still standing, and there is such a thing as everlasting strength, and such staunchness of Christian character that all time and eternity instead of being its demolition shall be its opportunity. Not such are those vacillating Christians who are so pious on Sunday that they have no religion left for the week day. As the anaconda gorges itself with food and then seems for a long while to lie thoroughly insensible, so there are men who will on Sunday get such a religious surfeit that the rest of the week they seem thoroughly dead to all religious emotions. They weep in church under a charity sermon, but if on Monday a subject of want presents itself at the door, the beggar's safety will depend entirely on quick limbs and unobstructed stairway. They call the gong they can go to sleep them from committing assault and battery on those intruders, who come with pale faces and stories of distress and subscription papers. The reason that God planted these cedars in the Bible was to suggest to us that we ought, in our religious character, to be deep like the cedar, high like the cedar, broad-branched as the cedar. A traveler measured the spread of the boughs of one of these trees and found it 111 feet from branch tip to branch tip, and I have seen cedars of Christian character that through their prayers and charities put out one branch to the uttermost parts of America, and another branch to the uttermost parts of Asia, and these wide-branched Christians will keep on multiplying until all the earth is overshadowed with mercy.

But mark you, these cedars of Lebanon could not grow if planted in mild climates and in soft air, and in carefully watered gardens. They must have the gymnasium of the midnight hurricane to develop their arms. They must play the athlete with a thousand winters before their feet are rightly planted, and their foreheads rightly lifted, and their arms rightly muscled. And if there be any other way for developing strong Christian character except by storms of trouble, I never heard of it. Call the roll of martyrs, call the roll of the prophets, call the roll of the apostles, and see which of them had an easy time of it. Which of these cedars grew in the warm valley? Not one of them. Honeysuckles thrive best on the south side of the house, but cedars in a Syrian whirlwind. Men and women who hear this or read this, instead of your grumbling because you have it hard, thank God that you are in just the best school for making heroes and heroines. It is true both for this world and the next. Rock that baby in a cradle cushioned and canopied; graduate him from that into a costly high chair and give him a gold spoon; send him to school wrapped in furs enough for an Arctic explorer; send him through a college where he will not have to study in order to get a diploma, because his father is rich; start him in a profession where he begins with an office the floor covered with Axminister, and a library of books in Russian morocco, and an arm chair upholstered like a throne, and an embroidered ottoman upon which to put his $12 gaiters, and then lay upon his table the best ivory cigar-holder you can import from Brussels, and have standing outside his door a prancing span that won the prize at the horse fair, and leave him estate enough to make him independent of all struggles, and what will become of him? If he does not die early of inanition or dissipation, he will lead a useless life, and die an unlamented death, and go into a fool's eternity.

But what has been the history of most of the great cedars in merchandise, in art, in law, in medicine, in statesmanship, in Christian usefulness? "John, get up and milk the cows; it's late; it's half-past 5 in the morning. Split an armful of wood on your way out so that we can build the fires for breakfast. Put your bare feet on the cold oilcloth, and break the ice in your pitcher before you can wash. Yes! it has been a mourning and a rifling again last night, and we will have to break the roads." The boys' educational advantages, a long oak plank without any back to it, in country schoolhouse, and stove throwing out more smoke than heat. Pressing on from one hardship to another. After a while a position on salary or wages small enough to keep life, but keep it at its lowest ebb. Starting in occupation or business with prosperous men trying to fight you back at every step. But after a good while fairly on your feet, and your opportunities widening, and then by some sudden turn you are triumphat. You are master of the situation, and defiant of all earth and hell. A Lebanon cedar! John Milton on his way up to the throne of the world's sacred poesy, must sell his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for $72 in three payments. And William Shakespeare, on his way up to be acknowledged the greatest dramatist of all ages, must hold horses at the door of the London theater for a sixpence, and Homer must struggle through total blindness to immortality, and John Bunyan must cheer himself on the way up by making a flute out of his prison stool, and Conova, the sculptor, must toil on through orphanage, modeling a lion in butter, before he could cut his statues in marble. And the great Napoleon must watch cows in the field for a few pennies and then become a stoker, and afterward mend clocks before he puts the locomotive on its track and calls forth plaudits from parliaments, and medals from kings. Abel Stevens is picked up a neglected child of the street, and rises through his consecrated genius to be one of the most illustrious clergymen and historian of the century. And Bishop Janes, of the same church, in boyhood worked his passage from Ireland to America, and up to a usefulness, where, in the bishopric he was second to no one who ever adorned it.

Thirty years from now the foremost men in all occupations and professions will be those who are this hour in awful struggle of early life, many of them without five dollars to their name. So in spiritual life It takes a course of bereavements, persecutions, sicknesses, and losses to develop stalwart Christian character. I got a letter a few days ago saying: "I have hardly seen a well day since I was born, and I could not write my own name until I was fifty years of age, and I am very poor, but I am, by the grace of God, the happiest man in Chicago." The Bible speaks of the snows of Lebanon, and at this season of the year the snows must be tremendous. The deepest snow ever seen in America would be insignificant compared with the mildest winter of snows on those Lebanon mountains. The cedars catch that skyful of crystals on their brow and on their long arms. Piled up in great hefts are those snows, enough to crush other trees to the ground, splitting the branches from the trunk and leaving them rent and torn never, to rise. But what do the cedars care for these storms on Lebanon? They look up to the winter skies and say "Snow on! Empty the white heavens upon us, and when this storm is passed, let other processions of tempest try to bury us in their fury. We have for five hundred winters been accustomed to this, and for the next five hundred winters we will cheerfully take all you have to send." Such is the way we develop our strength, and the way we serve God and teach all ages how to endure and conquer." So I say: Good cheer to all people who are snowed under. Put your faith in God and you will come out gloriously. Others may be stunted growths, or weak junipers on the lower levels of spiritual ity, but you are going to be Lebanon cedars. At last it will be said of such as you: "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

But while crossing over these mountains of Lebanon I bethink myself of what an exciting scene it must be when one of the cedars does fall. It does not go down like other trees with a slight crackle that hardly makes the woodman look up, or a hawk flutter from a neighboring bow. When a cedar falls it is the great event in the calendar of the mountains. The axmen fly. The wild beasts slink to their dens. The patridges swoop to the valleys for escape. The neighboring trees go down under the awful weight of the descending monarch. The rocks are moved out of their places, and the earth trembles as from miles around all ravines send back their sympathetic echoes. Crash! Crash! Crash! So when the great cedars of worldly or Christian influence fall it is something terrific. Within the past few years how many mighty and overtopping men have gone down. There seems now to be an epidemic of moral disaster. The moral world, the religious world, the political world, the commercial world are quaking with the fall of Lebanon cedars. It is awful. We are compelled to cry out with Zachariah, the prophet: "Howl, fir trees, for the cedar is fallen!" Some of the smaller trees are glad of it. When some great dealer in stocks goes down, the small dealers clap their hands and say "good for him!" When a great political leader goes down the small politicians clap their hands and say "Just as I expected!" When a great minister of religion falls, many little ministers laugh up their sleeves and think themselves somehow advantaged. Ah, beloved brethren, no one makes anything out of moral shipwreck. Not a willow by the river of Damascus, not a sycamore on the plains of Jericho, not an olive tree in all Palestine is helped by the fall of a Lebanon cedar. Better weep and pray and tremble and listen to Paul's advice to the Galatians, when he says, "Considering thyself lest thou also be tempted." No man is safe until he is dead, unless he be divinely protected. A greater thinker than Lord Francis Bacon the world never saw, and he changed the world's mode of thinking for all time, his *Novum Organum*, a miracle of literature. With $68,000 salary, and estates worth millions, and from the highest judicial bench of the realm, he was hurled down under the power of bribery, and confessed his crime, and was sentenced to the Tower, and the scorn of centuries. Howl, fir tree, for the cedar is fallen. A judge in one of our American courts gives this experience: In a respectable but poor family a daughter was getting a musical education. She needed one more course of lessons to complete that education. The father's means were exhausted, and so great was his anxiety to help his daughter that he feloniously took some money from his employer, and going home to his daughter said, "There is the money to complete your musical education." The wife and mother suspected something wrong, and obtained from her husband the whole story, and that night went around with her husband to the merchant's house and surrendered the whole amount of the money and asked forgiveness. Forgiveness was denied, and the man was arrested. The judge, knowing all the circumstances and that the money had all been returned, suggested to the merchant he had better let the matter drop for the sake of the wife and daughter. No! he would not let it drop, and he did all he could to make the case conspicuous and blasting. The judge says that afterward that same inexorable merchant was before him for breaking the law of the land. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall. Not congratulation, but tears when a cedar is fallen.

Yet there is one cedar of Lebanon that always has and always will overtop all others. It is the Christ whom Ezekiel describes as a goodly cedar, and says "Under it shall come all fowl of every wing." Make your nest in that great cedar. Then let the storms beat and the earth rock, and time end, and eternity begin, and all shall

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1890.

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WE WANT AGENTS!

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Edgar Fawcett,

The Author of a New Serial to Begin Next Week.

We shall begin, in the next issue of the Weekly BLADE, a serial of strong dramatic interest, by EDGAR FAWCETT, author of an "Ambitions Woman," "The Confessions of Claude," and other stories which have achieved wide popularity. Its title is:

"A TALE OF TWO BROTHERS."

This serial will run about ten weeks, and will be attractively illustrated. The motive of the story is a singular one, and its development is novel and unhackneyed. The story will be read with interest by all, for it is in a different vein from those recently published in these columns, and thus affords that variety of matter which we seek to provide for the tastes of our readers.

EDGAR FAWCETT is a star among the rising generation of American authors, and we are glad to have this opportunity of introducing him to its vast constituency—and glad also that this will be through so good and readable a story as "A Tale of Two Brothers."

OUR BOOKS.

We have cleared our shelves of all the books we formerly handled, except two, viz:

"Health and Beauty," and
"Social Etiquette,"

both by Miss EMILY S. BOUTON. We have only about 200 copies of each of these, which is hardly enough for the holiday trade.

Both books are beautifully bound, and make admirable Christmas presents. We will send a copy of either by mail, postpaid, for *one dollar*. Please send in your orders at once, for if you delay they will all be gone; and we shall not print another edition of either this year. Address all orders: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE ALLIANCE AT OCALA.

The Farmers' Alliance convention at Ocala, Fla., adopted a platform which calls for the abolition of national banks, the substitution of legal tender treasury notes in lieu of national bank notes and the issue of fractional currency to facilitate exchange through the mails, all moneys issued by the government to be legal tender; demands laws for the prevention of dealing in "futures" of all agricultural and mechanical products; for the unlimited coinage of silver; for prohibiting alien ownership of land; for taxation which shall not build up one class at the expense of another; for government control of all means of travel and communication; and for absolute government ownership, if government control fails to remedy existing evils.

The question of organizing as a separate party was the most unsatisfactory one before the convention. The Southern members were against the plan; the Western members generally for it. The reason of this is simply that the Southern men are Democrats first last, and all the time, and are Alliance men only when it will not injure Democracy; the Western brethren are Alliance men clear through, though originally Republicans.

This complexion of things gives strength to the feeling prevalent among a great many Northern people, that the Alliance is being run by the Bourbons, with the primary intention of using it to compass Republican defeat and Democratic supremacy, rather than to work in good faith for the ostensible objects set down in its platform.

So shameful has been the treatment of the remains of General GRANT by the city of New York, that nearly the whole country has been joining in the demand that his resting place should be changed from dreary, deserted Riverside Park, to Arlington. It is to be hoped that never again in the history of this country, will such a breach of decency, forgetfulness of promises, and all but open insults, be given by any city to the memory of so illustrious a man as General GRANT; and which has characterized every act of the metropolis of America since his interment. As Congress has seen fit to let his remains rest at Riverside, the Nation should erect a monument.

IT will be a mistake on the part of the general government if it does not prevent the sale of the Cherokee strip to private bidders, no matter whether the price offered is ten or twenty millions of dollars. The ownership is now vested in the Cherokee Indians, who do not need it for occupation. The duty of the government is plainly against the ownership of the large tract by any one man or firm, and especially alien holders. If it is to be purchased at all it must be by the government and resold to settlers.

A NEW YORK tailors' journal reports that in order to meet our new tariff English manufacturers are cutting their prices for worsteds and medium grade woolens. This will be a poser to the papers that hotly maintain that it is the consumers who pay the duties.

THE exact vote in South Dakota on the woman suffrage amendment has just been canvassed. There were 19,113 votes for the amendment and 35,193 against. The ladies will have to pick their flints and try it again.

WHEN women are allowed to vote, they appear to lose all interest. The number of them registered to vote in Boston declined from 20,000 in 1888 to 8,000 in 1890. It evidently wasn't the fun they anticipated.

SINCE Judge THURMAN stopped snuff taking the bandana has ceased to be useful, and only the foolscap on which CLEVELAND writes his letters is appropriate as an emblem of the campaign of 1888.

THE shillelah is losing its ancient prestige in Ireland, and the plain crow-bar has taken its place.

THE CASE OF LAUNT THOMPSON, SCULPTOR.

In Jefferson Market police court, in New York city on December 3, LAUNT THOMPSON, the sculptor and academician, was arraigned for drunkenness and malicious destruction of property while inebriated, and was committed to Blackwell's Island for a month. His case is but a parallel of thousands and tens of thousands of others, save that, with his great artistic gifts, the fall was greater in his case, thedegradation deeper. A friend of THOMPSON'S, a Mr. SNEDECOR, gave a reporter the following:

I have known Thompson since 1854, and I am afraid he only has had his best days left. It's another case of a man of genius sacrificing friends, fame and fortune to drink. Thompson is connected with some of the best people in New York. He has been drinking to excess for fifteen years. His wife, who is a sister of Bishop Potter, still sticks to him, although they have not lived together since 1881.

Launt Thompson was an Irish lad, who came to this country when very young. He studied anatomy in the Albany Medical college in 1856, and later studied sculpture with Palmer at the same place. He remained with Palmer for years, after which he came to New York, soon becoming a member of the Academy of Design here. He was elected an academician and afterwards vice president of the academy. He went to Florence, Italy, in 1870, taking his wife and their two children.

His life there was an odd one. He kept aloof from other artists and sculptors, but was very intimate with Louis Lang, the oldest resident American artist in Italy. He would go on sprees despite the most earnest efforts of his wife to prevent him. Another child, a girl, was born in Florence. He had many orders from American patrons while there, but neglected his work. This was partly due to drink and partly because of his habit of procrastination.

When he left Italy in 1881 he did not bring his family with him. They are there still, although he has gone over to visit them. Mrs. Thompson is educating the children. I believe she has some income of her own. She writes him regularly every week, and if she learns of this it will be a bad blow to her, notwithstanding—well, everything that has happened.

Among the works of Thompson are the statues of Gen. Sedgwick, at West Point; Gen. Dupont and Gen. Scott, in Washington; a head of Morse; a bust of the elder Booth for Edwin Booth; the statue of Abraham Pierson, the first president of Yale college, for which Thompson received the honorary degree of A. M., and a bust of ex-Gov. Schuyler Crosby, of Montana. The statue of Napoleon now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art is his work, as also is the head of William Cullen Bryant in the same place.

Perhaps his greatest work is the equestrian statue of Gen. Burnside. It is thirteen feet six inches high and has been pronounced by experts to be one of the most excellent pieces of equestrian statuary ever produced by an American sculptor. It was made for the state of Rhode Island, and it stands in Providence in front of the city hall. He was not prolific, but his work was of the kind that would make him famous if he had not taken to drink.

He began his career by cutting cameos in shells, medallions, portrait busts, and such work, and proceeded step by step to larger pieces. After he made the statue of Burnside—that was in 1886—he told me he would do no more work. He had some money then and received $40,000 for the statue. Although he has had many requests for busts and statues, he has not done a day's work since that time.

When I returned from the country last summer I found that he had been arrested for common vagrancy. He had been on the island for a few days, but as soon as I heard of it I got an order for his release. He has lived in my house about five years, and drank all the time. For several weeks past he has been drunk the greater part of the time. He has some money left, but I hope he will be kept somewhere where he can not spend it on drink.

Here is a man of rare artistic genius, capable of winning fame and fortune; of surrounding himself with troops of friends, drawn to him by his talents; with a loving wife and two charming children, and hence the strongest incentive a man can possibly have to use the talents given him for his advancement and the benefit of his loved ones; yet who deliberately has sacrificed everything because of Rum, and to-day is at Blackwell's Island, the city prison of New York, among a crowd of vagrants and petty criminals, serving out a sentence for drunkenness!

If the case of LAUNT THOMPSON were the only one of the kind the press of the country would teem with articles discussing the sad affair and the lesson it teaches. But unfortunately it is not a singular case. There is no one who can not find similar ones in his own experience. That of THOMPSON is remarkable only because of the ability of the man himself, and the high position he once held in the artistic world through his talents. Rum has become his master, and has deadened within him every aspiration of progress, destroyed his love for home and wife and children, caused him to abandon them in a foreign land, and will eventually bring him to a dishonored grave.

Who was, who is, responsible for the fall of LAUNT THOMPSON? The answer comes readily from one class, "Himself." But has the community at large, the state, no duty in this regard? Because a man has not the will-power, the strength of mind, to save himself from slavery to Rum—a bondage worse than African slavery—is he to be allowed to go? Is the state not to extend its arm of power for the salvation of him and the tens of thousands like him, who are every day going down to poverty, degradation and death?

The state has a duty to perform in this connection. It has just as much right to legislate for the protection of men against the sale of Rum as it has to protect them against the sale of poisons, or of adulterated food. It is as much the state's duty to protect them against the one as against the other. Why is it not done? Simply because the great mass of the people do not recognize the evils of the Rum traffic, and the necessity of taking hold of that traffic with the strong hand. The thousands of cases all around us, of which LAUNT THOMPSON'S is but a single example, will continue and will increase in numbers so long as the saloon is allowed to exist. The stream of drunkenness, debauchery, want and woe will continue to flow so long as its fountain-head, the saloon, remains open. The first work to be done in this country is educational. When the people clearly realize the situation, they will be prompt to crush out the saloon by Prohibition, and at the same time

Pulverize the Rum Power.

MORTGAGE TAXATION.

A decided stir toward tax reform is the movement now on foot to change the present system of double taxation on mortgaged property. The holder of mortgages is taxed for the amount of the lien, it being assessed as personal property. The owner of the property is assessed without consideration of the mortgage, and pays as much tax as though his real-estate were free and unincumbered. The result has been that the holder of the lien has charged up the tax against the mortgagor and made him pay it in increased interest.

It is owing to this very fact that the rate of interest on real estate security is higher than it should be. Land security is the best in the world, and the rate should be much lower in proportion to all other species of loans or investments. But just so long as the present system of double taxation exists throughout the Union, it will be impossible to bring the rate down to its proper basis. The question is one worthy of the deepest investigation and thought of our legislatures.

HERE is a bit of good advice to every one who dreads the coming of another financial panic. People cannot do better than hunt up their creditors, large and small, and pay their bills. They will thus get rid of the care of at least a part of their money, and help to relieve the money market by putting their cash in circulation. About the worst possible use of money at this time is to lock it up, especially if the holder has debts that he can discharge. And this advice has a wider range. If it were followed at all times there would be no periods of stringency.

"Oliver Optic's" Story.

The New Serial Now Being Written for The Blade by this Noted Author.

We have completed arrangements for a new serial story, to be begun in THE BLADE some time near the beginning of the new year, entitled:

"A WILL OF HIS OWN."

By WM. T. ADAMS.

Mr. ADAMS is better known to the reading public by his *nom de plume* of "Oliver Optic." The story is one of the present day and of the country, dealing with people and events of common, everyday life. The following are the persons who figure in the story, some very prominently, some in a subordinate way:

Captain Ezra Barnwood, formerly sea captain, now a farmer at the Highlands.
Mrs. Mercy Barnwood, his wife, owns the Rockwood lands.
J. Knox Barnwood, son, the "hero," goes by the name of "Knox," 16 years.
Marian Barnwood, daughter, 14 years.
Tom Tivers, 15 years, not a very bright boy, who sometimes works for Captain Barnwood.
Rockwood Lyon, 17 years, friend of Knox, becomes the engineer of a little steamer, bought by Knox.
Major Follansby Steele, owner of the Millonia Ironworks, one of the two rich men of the place.
Mrs. Subra Steele, his wife, fond of "style."
C. Laud Steele, 17 years, son, wild and reckless fellow, called "Land."
Josephine Steele, 15 years, not so stylish as her mother.
Dr. Lewis Pemberton, owner of the Puritan Iron-works, the other rich man of Millonia.
Mrs. Ruth Pemberton, his wife, a plain, good woman.
Sylvia Pemberton, 16 years, his daughter, very pretty and sensible girl.
Raymond Pemberton, 14 years, his son, called "Ray," an enterprising boy, but rather quiet, though firm and resolute.

The story, as will be seen, deals with both grown people and the younger generation. It is thus a story for all classes of readers——

For parents,
For young people,

For everybody who likes to read a good, pure, clean story, moral in its teachings, and which will not only amuse but instruct. For what higher, more valuable teaching can the world have, than that evil works evil to him who practices it; that honesty is the best policy; and that happiness in this life is very largely dependent upon our own exertions?

There is not a reader of THE BLADE who will not be interested in the perusal of this story. There is not a family of boys and girls who will not be the better for reading it, and for applying the plain, homely lessons it inculcates to their every day life.

This story is of itself worth more than the subscription price of THE BLADE for a whole year. "Oliver Optic's" books have sold and are selling by the hundreds of thousands. His stories for young people are found in the homes of the rich, the cottages of the poor; they are in Sunday-school libraries, public libraries, reading clubs and the like. They are all pure, interesting, healthful in tone and unobjectionable in sentiment. We believe our readers will agree that "A Will of His Own" is one of the best stories THE BLADE has ever published.

We wish to send sample copies to every family who does not take THE BLADE, in order that they may be induced to subscribe. We shall be very much obliged to our friends if they will send us the names of all persons in their vicinity who would be glad to read this story, and we will send them sample copies of THE BLADE. Please do this *at once!*

THE BLADE WASHING MACHINE.

There have been so many failures in washing machines that THE BLADE has hitherto been loth to offer one in connection with the paper, notwithstanding we have, in the past few years, received hundreds of requests that we should offer such a premium. However, we have at last found one that has stood the test here in Toledo, and given satisfaction to the families using it.

We are now having made for us, here in Toledo, by a leading manufacturer, a large number of these washing machines. It is the best ever offered the public; if we did not thoroughly believe this, we should not offer it. By referring to the advertisement on the 5th page of this issue, the reader can see a cut of it, and read the splendid offer we there make.

This machine retails at $7.00. We offer it, with the Weekly BLADE one year, for $5.00. The machine thus costs $4.00, which is a saving of $3.00 to the buyer—one of the profits all our subscribers have an opportunity of making. The machine is carefully crated for shipment, and being of wood is very light. The freight is to be paid by the purchaser, and should not be over 50 cents to $1, owing to the distance.

Also—we will send a washing machine *free* for a club of ten subscribers, and $10.00. Address all letters, "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

We have received a number of letters and postal cards asking the above question. To answer all at once, we will say: The interior has corrugated wooden sides; the operation of the lever, shown in the cut, gives a reciprocating motion to a corrugated wooden rubber, inside the machine. The clothes are worked between this rubber and the corrugated wooden sides. The machine has been tested by a large number of families here in Toledo, and gives satisfaction in every case; hence we have not the least hesitancy in recommending it to our patrons.

BRICE AND THE CENSUS.

The investigation of the census of New York city, by the House select committee, has brought out the interesting fact that the senator from Ohio is enumerated as being a resident of Fifth avenue, New York city, and state of New York. It is a further exposure of the disgrace of Ohio and her legislature.

There is no doubt about the ineligibility of Mr. BRICE to his seat. If the Senate should once act upon the matter and make an investigation, the millionaire would go back to Wall street, a plain, ordinary citizen.

There is no likelihood of such an investigation, and the stigma must fall where it belongs, upon the Democratic members of the Ohio legislature.

But what care they where he is from, so long as he brings in the gold, and the milk and honey flows through the Democratic pastures? And as the days of another election approach they sigh for more millionaires to meet, whether they reside in New York or Florida.

THE election of IRBY, the Farmers' Alliance candidate, as senator from South Carolina in place of WADE HAMPTON, has stupefied the old ex-Confederate Bourbons of that politically moss-grown state. They consider it a "disgrace" that anybody else should be preferred when an ex-Confederate wants an office.

WE are glad to note that the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* seconds our motion to get rid of pension sharks. It says:

The government should clean out the pension claim agency rookeries in Washington. The greedy birds that are fattening off the pensions of soldiers should be dispersed.

AND still Mr. CLEVELAND has not announced himself as in favor of the election of Mr. DANA, of the New York *Sun*, to the Senate.

CURRENCY BASED ON LAND VALUES.

Apropos of the demand in the Farmers' Alliance platform, recently adopted at Ocala, Fla., that the government shall loan money on farm products and on farm lands, a subscriber, A. E. B., at Farmer, Ohio, asks:

Have any countries tried the plan of loaning money to farmers to pay mortgage indebtedness? If so, what was the result?

The experiment of basing a paper currency on land values has been tried several times, and has always ended in disaster. The first notable instance was in France, in 1790, just a century ago, when the French Revolution had overturned the old Bourbon monarchy. The immense landed estates of the church and the nobility were confiscated to the government. They were leased, and a full legal tender paper currency, called "assignats," based on the value of these lands, and secured thereby, was issued. They depreciated in value, and in 1796 they were redeemed, at *one-twentieth* of their face value, in "mandats," another paper issue, which also finally depreciated until they were valueless.

The second experiment of the kind is that which has just brought ruin on the Argentine Republic, in South America. The Argentine government, several years ago, began making mortgage loans to land-owners. The plan, as we understand it, was this: The land was valued by government appraisers, and a mortgage bond was made for that amount; the government sold this mortgage bond for what it could get, and paid the money over to the landowner, it guaranteeing to pay interest and principal, if the owner did not. These mortgage bonds are called "cedulas."

Of course it followed that, if a man could borrow money in this way on mortgage at low interest, and could not get it except he had land, it was inevitable that everybody should want to possess land, in order to get money on it. The price of land went up at a marvelous rate. Of course, the new prices were made the basis of valuation for the mortgage bonds. Men could get far more money on their lands than they would have sold for before the plan was put in operation.

Everybody believed an era of great prosperity had set in. Real estate boomed so rapidly that everybody went into speculation in it. They did not see that the values were utterly fictitious, and that it was not a healthy activity, but a fever that would inevitably prostrate the country. Then came the crash. Everybody wanted to sell, nobody had any money to buy. Land values came down on the run. Nobody could pay the interest on his mortgage bonds. Business of all kinds was absolutely stagnant. Gold went up from 200 to 250 premium, and is over 200 to-day.

English investors put enormous sums into these cedulas, and other Argentine enterprises. The effect of the panic in the Argentine republic was to render it impossible for English holders to realize on their holdings of cedulas, the aggregate of which was many millions of pounds sterling. There was also a heavy demand for gold in the Argentine republic, which England had to supply; this added to the money stringency already created there, and English holders of American railway stocks and other securities began selling them in order to realize cash to meet the scarcity of money.

The result was, these securities came here to find a market. Since July we have bought over $100,000,000 of them, and this is the prime cause of the stringency in the money market here, which has caused so many failures lately. So the effect of this Argentine speculation was world-wide. In England it caused the practical failure of BARING BROTHERS, and created a great scarcity of money; the continental money markets felt it as severely as did we. The Argentine Republic has a legal tender paper currency, based on land values, but it is worth only from 30 to 40 cents on the dollar. And there is no reason for supposing that the Alliance plan would work any better than the Argentine plan.

CHURCH REGULATION OF MARRIAGE.

"There ought to be and must be a check to marriage."

Such is the remarkable position assumed by His Lordship, the Bishop of Bedford, a position that has created the greatest excitement throughout all England.

The Bishop makes his sensational points, according to a London correspondent, on the question of support. He asks the question: "How many husbands take wives knowing their inability to support them?" Then he proceeds to answer the conundrum. About 60 per cent marry without positive visible or adequate means of existence. Then he goes on to show how much the average young man of London earns per month, and insists that this class of man ought not to marry until he has improved his position and saved enough to carry him over the first birth in the family, at least, which is a great stumbling-block to most of these young couples.

Hades, the bishop concedes, could scarcely equal the awful scenes that have met his gaze in the poor districts of London. Poor houses are filled with the wrecks of marriages begun in haste and ended in crime and wretchedness. Prisons are crowded with young men who have robbed employers to keep up a false appearance in wedlock.

No man should be permittsd to take a wife until he has proved his ability to maintain her with respectability and independence. This is the clergyman's point. And it has raised a great storm against the clergy. Good mechanics, he claims, are in a better position than the average man to maintain wives, and he finds their children, as a rule, healthful and intelligent. But all cannot be mechanics, and as it is the aim of most young people to enter the blissful state, his lordship meets with a lot of criticism and even abuse.

In a word, the Bishop, who is a most humane, large-hearted Christian man, declares the state must step in and relegate to the church, if necessary, the power to regulate marriages. It is a revolutionary idea, and will cause endless discussion.

IN the Seventh Congressional district of South Carolina, the Republican candidate was elected by 3,500 majority. The Bourbons, however, counted him out, and gave the certificate to his Democratic competitor. Three Democratic papers in that state have protested against this bare-faced steal, but not a Northern Democratic paper has the honesty or decency to do so. The race of Northern mud-sills is not yet extinct.

TWENTY-THREE years ago our people were buying English steel rails and paying $150 gold per ton. A year ago they could purchase better rails of American manufacture for $25. Facts like this please American working men, but they are difficult for the free traders to explain.

OF the 35 Alliance men elected to the national House of Representatives, 27 have directed the clerk of that body to enter their names as Democrats. That explains some things.

A Grand Feature!

A Series of Papers Which Will be Invaluable to Every American Voter, Young or Old.

We are glad to be able to announce, among other excellent features, that we have secured for publication in THE BLADE during the new year, a series of papers, on government and citizenship, by some of America's most distinguished publicists, entitled:

"LETTERS TO YOUNG CITIZENS."

While the title is "to Young Citizens," we assure THE BLADE readers that they will be in the highest degree instructive and profitable to any one, young or old. They will be entirely free from political coloring, or special theories. They are not intended to teach party politics, but to inculcate sound and just ideas in regard to the rights, duties and obligations of American citizenship.

The articles are all written in popular style, and are brief and practical. The first "Letter" will appear in THE BLADE of January 4, and one follow each week.

Read the list of distinguished men who will be the writers of these letters, and see if you do not agree with us that this series alone will be worth much more than a year's subscription to THE BLADE:

List of Authors and Subjects.

1.—BISHOP A. CLEVELAND COXE. Subject: "Law and Public Morals."
2.—PRESIDENT MERRILL EDWARDS GATES, LL. D., of Amherst College. Subject: "Politics in Their True Light."
3.—GEORGE W. CABLE. Subject: "The Future American Citizen."
4.—JOHN HABBERTON. Subject: "True Patriotism."
5.—HON. JOHN A. KASSON, Washington, D. C. Subject to be announced.
6.—ALBERT SHAW, Minneapolis, Minn. Subject: "Municipal Duties and Obligations."
7.—WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D. Subject: "A Look Forward in American History."
8.—PROF. EDMUND J. JAMES, of the University of Pennsylvania. Subject: "Our Financial System."
9.—SENATOR JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.—Subject to be announced.
10.—HON. J. L. PICKARD, LL. D., president Iowa State University. Subject: "Some Lessons of Our First Century."
11.—JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL. D. Subject: "The Expansion of the Republic."
12.—WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON. Subject: "Political Ideals."
13.—GEN. THOMAS J. MORGAN, U. S. Commissioner Indian Bureau. Subject: "Our Indian Policy."
14.—HUBERT H. BANCROFT, of San Francisco. Subject to be announced.
15.—S. G. W. BENJAMIN. Subject: "True Political Independence."
16.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Subject: "The Merit System of Making Government Appointments."
17.—HENRY RANDALL WAITE, President of the American Institute of Civics. Subject: "The Church and the State."
18.—THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Subject: "Evils of Sectionalism."
19.—PRESIDENT E. H. CAPEN, of Tufts College, Maine. Subject: "The Education of the Citizen."
20.—MARIUS MUNSON COAN. Subject: "Qualifications for Places of Trust."
21.—EDWARD EVERETT HALE. Subject: "American Town Government."
22.—PRESIDENT DANIEL C. GILMAN, LL. D., of Johns Hopkins, D. D., of Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga. Subject: "Essentials to True Legislation."
23.—CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D. D., of New York. Subject: "The First Duty of the Citizen."
24.—THOMAS L. JAMES, ex-Postmaster General. Subject: "Our Postal System."
25.—MAJOR GENERAL O. O. HOWARD. Subject: "Our Standing Army."

There is not a voter in the United States who will not be benefitted and aided by reading this magnificent series. Every father should consider it a duty to place it before his son, that the latter may understand his duties to the state—not as a partisan, but as a citizen. The writers are all men who stand high in intellect, men noted in the world of action, men whose best thoughts, given in these letters, will well be worth any one's perusal.

Teachers of Youth

Should be especially interested in this series, and mention it to the pupils under their care, as well as bring it to the attention of parents. It will be of vast value as a means of arousing thought, and hence be an educational aid of the highest value.

Will you aid us in having it widely read, by sending us a list of teachers, professors, and others interested in the education of youth, to whom we may mail sample copies?

Or will you kindly call the attention of the teachers and ministers of your neighborhood to the announcement?

Renew your subscriptions, and obtain these matchless letters!

THE WESTERN GETTYSBURG.

At its last session, Congress appropriated $125,000 for the purpose of making surveys and marking the sites of the series of gigantic battles that were waged in front of Chattanooga, beginning with bloody struggle of Chickamauga, and including HOOKER'S famed "battle above the clouds" on Lookout Mountain, and the final struggle at Missionary Ridge. The supervision of the work is in charge of a commission composed of two Union and one Confederate officer, and three surveying parties have been engaged in establishing the limits of the park since the middle of October.

The state of Georgia has ceded jurisdiction over thirteen square miles of territory, comprising the battlefield of Chickamauga, and similar action will undoubtedly be taken by Tennessee regarding that portion of the area that lies within its boundaries. Major BOYD, the officer who made the first topographical survey of the field of Chickamauga for the government, is still living, and having fortunately retained his original notes, will be of material assistance to the commissioners in restoring the battlefield to its old condition.

The plan proposed is to prepare tablets for marking the position of the several commands, much as has been done at Gettysburg. There will be two of these tablets for each day of the Chickamauga fight, for each division and brigade, and subsequently it is intended to prepare similar tablets for regiments and batteries. Besides these, there will be general historical tablets and guideboards to the interesting portions of the park, and the several states will be at liberty to erect monuments. The expense of the tablets for both armies will be borne by the general government "for the purposes of historical and professional study."

The spot will become for the West what Gettysburg is already for the East, for nearly all the troops then in the service from the West were engaged in some of the sanguinary struggles which occurred there. Nature has done much for the famous region that will be comprised within the borders of this park, and when to this its historic and patriotic associations are added, it can easily be understood that Congress has done wisely and well in setsing it aside as a memento of the rebellion.

The Chickamauga and Chattanooga national park will in a few years become the rallying point for the survivors of both the Union and Confederate armies. The legislature of every state, North and South, whose sons participated in conflict there, should at once take action in marking the spots consecrated by the daring deeds of its soldiers.

THE New York *Press* says, in speaking of the Grant Monument: "It will no longer answer for the country to say that New York should raise all the funds for this national memorial. Every state should contribute to it. The monument can be built by New Yorkers, of course. But it will be a lasting disgrace if the country does not now join heartily in promoting its constructing." The *Press* might have added, that if a monument was ever built the whole country would have to aid. New York has the honor; the nation will pay for it.

BIMETALLISM.

The English Bimetallic league is an organization which has for its aim the opening of the mints of the world to the unrestricted coinage of both silver and gold at a fixed ratio, thus establishing a world-wide basis for the use of silver as money interchangeably with gold. Gold is now the only international money. While all commercial transactions between all different civilized countries are made in commercial paper—drafts, bills of exchange, etc.—the settlement of the balance of trade must be made in gold. The League urges the adoption, by international agreement, by all the commercial countries on the globe, of a ratio between the two metals, and the free coinage of silver at this ratio.

Such international agreement, if made, would at once stop all speculation in silver; for a rapid rise or fall in silver necessarily unsettles trade, and to stop this speculative movement by international bimetallism is certainly a thing much to be desired. The league, in a manifesto just issued on the silver question, quotes the recent distress in the London money market, occasioned by the withdrawal of comparatively small amounts of gold, as evidence of the necessity of fixing an international ratio between gold and silver so as to make both metals available for bank reserves.

As proof of the risk to England's finances involved in carrying on her enormous commerce on the basis of gold alone, the League quotes the following passage from a speech made by the chancellor of the exchequer in the House of Commons in April last:

I have always looked upon silver and gold, not as antagonistic to each other, not as being articles the price of one of which would necessarily fall when the other rose, but I have looked upon them rather as partners who together were doing the work of the currency of the world.

Allusion has been made to the rate of discount in connection with the scarcity of gold, but such allusion confuses capital and currency. The alleged scarcity of gold has to me another meaning. I think that the amount of gold used as currency is extremely small to bear the enormous burden which is put upon it. I admit that, as interested in the commerce and monetary system of this country, I feel a kind of shame that on the occasion of two or three million pounds of gold being taken from this country to Brazil or any other country, it should immediately have the effect of causing a monetary alarm throughout the country.

No one can dispute the force of these views, and they seem to be gaining ground among English statesmen and financiers. Great Britain is the one country which has stood aloof from the efforts hitherto made to come to an international agreement on silver; for it is admitted by every one that no single nation alone can rehabilitate silver as a money metal—and certainly not when the British Empire stands aloof. It is to be hoped that the Bimetallic League shall be successful in its efforts to bring about such a change in sentiment there as will cause that country to unite with ourselves and the countries of the Latin Union in bringing about this solution of the great monetary problem of the age.

ENGLAND'S PICKET-LINE.

What can be England's ulterior object in the work she is doing to surround the United States with an armed British picket-line? Within the past two months, the Colonial Defense committee of the British Empire has made an elaborate report to that government on the subject, and it is now announced that orders have been issued for the concentration of all British military forces at the "strategic points" in the Bermudas and the West Indies, in order to guard coaling stations, and to hold them as part of a base of operations for the British fleet in case of war.

It will be remembered, too, that during the past summer a British telegraph cable was laid from Halifax to the Bermudas. This is to be extended to the British West Indies—Jamaica and St. Lucia—where the ends of the cables will come into the forts, carefully avoiding connections with the wires of the American telegraph system. When this line is in full working order, naval and military commanders in Bermuda, Jamaica and St. Lucia can easily communicate among themselves and with the home authorities in London.

From Halifax there is telegraphic communication through the Dominion to the naval stations on the Pacific coast of British America; and the project is on foot to have a cable from Puget Sound southeast across the Pacific to Australia. There is already cable communication from Australia to India and thence by wire to London again. Look at the fact, then, that Great Britain has a picket line fronting our entire Atlantic coast, and along our northern border; and will extend it across the Pacific to Australia.

What is the purpose of all this? These warlike preparations are not needed as precautions for protecting England's colonial commerce, for the trade of the Bermudas and British West Indias is nearly all with this country. The only answer to the question must be, that Great Britain is preparing for a possible war with the United States. For her island possessions, in which these preparations are making, are not worth the trouble on their own account; and we are the only country on this continent that England would fear in case of hostilities.

Take a good map of North America, and note how England is drawing her lines against and around us. The defences of Halifax are being steadily strengthened, and are now deemed practically impregnable. Then we come 600 miles southward to the Bermudas, 500 miles east of the coast of the Carolinas, where the docks, machine shops and fortifications are continually maintained on a war footing for no conceivable purpose other than as a precaution against ourselves.

Then, 300 miles farther southward are the Bahamas, which almost touch our coast, and still farther south is Jamaica, where a strong military force is stationed, commanding the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. British Honduras, in Central America, completes the chain of colonies which encircles us. With a few cruisers judiciously distributed between Florida and Yucatan, and with Belize, St. Lucia and Kingston as bases of supplies to fall back on, the Gulf of Mexico could be shut up effectually to our commerce and our fleets, in case of war.

There is no need of any sudden fright over these things, but they are worth careful study. Everybody thinks there is no chance of war between us and England; but it is well to remember that all our wars have come upon us when the masses did not suppose war was possible; and, in fact, any war generally comes as a surprise to the people at large. As a matter of common sense, we should push our new navy and fortify our frontiers; for the cordon of military cables, dockyards, coaling stations and forts that England is building up along our Atlantic coast, may mean that she is getting ready to pick a quarrel with us.

ROBERT DICK died in Buffalo on December 9. He was the inventor of the machine which pastes on periodicals little slips on which are printed subscribers' names and the dates to which their subscriptions are paid. Mr. DICK'S invention revolutionized the method of keeping these accounts and of addressing newspapers and magazines. The machines are in use all over the world.

Our China Sets.

The Blade's Offer Being Taken Up By Hundreds.

THE BLADE'S china set premium offer is being largely accepted. We are sending them out by hundreds. Take particular notice of this fact: While, under each offer, a price is made at which we will sell this set (including the Weekly BLADE one year) so low that everybody can afford to buy it; if you will read further you will find terms upon which we will give away these sets—which you will find are even more liberal than the offer to sell; this is because we wish to secure additional clubs for the Weekly BLADE.

Of course, we shall gladly fill all orders for sets in connection with one copy of the Weekly BLADE, because we know there are many who have not time nor inclination to get up a club; but there are others who are so situated as to be able to raise clubs, and we make the most liberal offer possible to them, as clubs are what we want.

The best way is, to enter on the work of getting up a club at once to secure the $20 BLADE dinner set. Almost any one can raise a club of 20 subscribers in a single day; but if you should fall short, you can certainly raise 11, and thus get the 80-piece tea set. Then, after resting a few weeks, you can make another effort and obtain 10 more, for which we will give you the No. 4 set—which, added to the tea set, makes the complete dinner set.

Get at the work at once, for two reasons: first, so as to be before any one else in your neighborhood; second, if you raise one club now, you will get that out of the way, so that later you can raise another, to obtain an additional premium in this line, or on some offer we may make later.

We have a special word to say to the 1,000 and more who obtained the tea set last year, in reply to many inquiries: The No. 4 Blade set is just what you want. It has been made up specially so as to be added to the 80-piece set and make a complete dinner set. So go to work at once to secure the No. 4.

It is a proved fact that the 80-piece tea set, which we offer for $7 with the Weekly BLADE one year, or which we *give* for 11 subscribers and $11, can not be bought at retail at the stores for less than $15 or $16; and the same holds true as to the other offers.

Read the advertisement on the 5th page. It is really a remarkable offer. If the sets cost us nothing, we should make but a narrow margin of profit. Offered as they are with THE BLADE, we make no profit at all—merely wishing to extend our circulation, and help our friends and subscribers to a first-class article.

Renewals will count the same as new subscribers in getting up clubs for this premium.

Don't wait! Begin work *at once!*

MR. PARNELL.

The situation regarding Mr. PARNELL and the Irish question in the British Parliament is simply this:

The Irish members alone are too few in numbers to hope to accomplish anything through legislation. They must have the aid of the English Liberals under GLADSTONE. These two forces have been working in combination for some time, and it has been the belief of the most sagacious observers that the Irish question would reach a peaceful solution during the present session of Parliament.

Then came the O'Shea scandal, and the identification of Mr. PARNELL therewith. This caused a division in the forces that had hitherto been working harmoniously for the same end in Irish affairs. On the one hand it was asserted that Mr. PARNELL should retire, at least for a time, from the active leadership of the Irish party, because of the odium attaching to his conduct in the O'Shea matter. On the other hand, it was urged that PARNELL'S private conduct has nothing to do with his political leadership, and that the party cannot afford to lose him at this juncture.

Then Mr. GLADSTONE came forward to urge PARNELL'S retirement, and flatly refused to continue the coalition in Parliament with the Irish members, so long as Mr. PARNELL remained at the head of the latter. This means the withdrawal, not of Mr. GLADSTONE alone, but of the entire Liberal element which has followed him in his support of Home Rule.

The result of PARNELL'S continued refusal to retire caused a split among the Irish members of Parliament. The majority withdrew, chose JUSTIN MCCARTHY as their leader, and PARNELL remains with but a handful of followers. Now PARNELL has gone to Ireland, and begun a crusade among the people to bolster up his sinking cause.

In view of all the facts—especially the supreme one that, without the aid of GLADSTONE and his forces, nothing can be hoped for Ireland of Parliament—Mr. PARNELL has certainly failed at the supreme moment. He has considered himself rather than the cause he has so ably championed, and has preferred to let the latter suffer rather than yield his leadership. Every sincere friend of Ireland must lament his fatuity. He is not of the stern stuff of which martyrs are made.

His address at Dublin was a quibbling evasion. In seeking to excuse himself, he abused GLADSTONE, and declared the opposition to himself is "a movement of hypocrisy by a man whose Home Rule is but skin deep." It matters not what PARNELL may say, if his devotion to the Irish cause were as deep and true as it should be, he would have withdrawn, and thus prevented the split in the Parliamentary forces.

KOCH'S LYMPH.

The New York *Medical Record*, when the news of Prof. KOCH'S discovery reached this country, at once sent an experienced physician to Berlin to investigate the matter. The last issue of the *Record* contains his first cable report. In brief, he finds that the question of the limits of its use, and its benefits will require a long ext

FOR 1891.

Some of the Good Things The Blade Has on Its Programme for Next Year for Its Readers.

We herewith make announcement of a *part* only of the special features we are preparing for the readers of the TOLEDO BLADE for next year. The first of these is

"A WILL OF HIS OWN,"

A serial story, by the famous "Oliver Optic," who is better known by that name to myriads of readers than by his true name of WILLIAM T. ADAMS. This will be begun at some time about the New Year. Every subscriber whose time expires this fall should renew so as to get this story, which alone will be worth the subscription price for the whole year.

We have arrangements in progress for several other

SERIAL STORIES BY LEADING AUTHORS OF NOTE,

The announcement of which will be made, which will furnish to our readers a number of first-class stories, any one of which, in book form, would cost them more than the subscription price to THE BLADE for the entire year.

In addition, we are having prepared, at considerable expense, a *special* series of articles for publication in THE BLADE next year, which will be entitled the

"MONEY-MAKER SERIES."

These will give full and complete practical information how to *make money* by what may be called "side issues," which can be pursued in connection with one's regular occupation. We have not completed a list of subjects, but will name a few:

"How to Make Money by Poultry Raising;" giving full directions for making incubators, directions for managing them, for feeding young chicks, marketing them, etc; and keeping poultry for egg-producing exclusively.

"Money in Small Fruits," telling how any one with a spare lot of ground can find profit in strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, etc.

"Cranberry Culture," for any one who has an old mill dam, or bit of swamp land, telling how it can be made worth $1,000 per acre.

"Small Trades," telling how a person who has not the ground or room available for any of the above can make money by occupations that can be carried on of evenings, such as silver plating and replating, nickel plating, and a number of others, by any of which an active, energetic person can profitably occupy his spare hours.

"Amateur Photography," giving minute directions whereby one can do successful work without the aid of an instructor.

And many others, which we are not yet ready to announce.

The "Money-maker Series" will be copyrighted, and will *not* be published in book form, or in any thing else than THE BLADE. These papers will appear at intervals during the year, and will be illustrated, where necessary; minute directions, with actual cost of materials will be given; and every pains taken to make them easily understood by every one.

Remember, there will be no way of obtaining this series save by subscribing to the WEEKLY BLADE; and any one who wishes can, find the way from one or the other, to make many times the dollar THE BLADE will cost for the year.

The various regular departments of THE BLADE will be improved and made better, and the paper will be found still more worthy of the patronage of every one. Don't fail to renew in time!

Sample Copies Free to any Address.

IN BOOK FORM.

"NASBY'S" LAST NOVEL,

"THE DEMAGOGUE."

THE success of "The Demagogue," Mr. D. R. Locke's last and best novel, published as a serial in the columns of this paper, was phenomenal, and long before the story was finished we had many inquiries as to whether or not it would be published in book form.

In response to this very general demand for this story in a permanent form, the great novel has been issued in a handsome cloth bound volume, beautifully printed and gotten up in the most tasteful manner.

Anyone sending to THE BLADE a dollar and a half will be mailed a copy of "The Demagogue," postage prepaid.

For two dollars we will send the Weekly BLADE one year and a copy of "The Demagogue," postage prepaid.

This is an unprecedentedly low offer, and should be taken advantage of at once. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

The New Tariff Law.

The Official Text of the Law, Without Omission—With Notes, Showing the Changes From the Old Law.

The demand for the new tariff law—the "McKinley bill"—is tremendous, and we are asked by hundreds of letters, to "publish it in full." It is too long. It makes nearly *four pages* the size of those of THE BLADE.

But, to supply the demand, we are now printing the new tariff law as an extra. It contains the full text of the bill, as it became a law, and as it now stands in the United States Statutes, complete and unabridged.

To make it the more useful, we have added to the different schedules notes, showing the *changes* from the old law—thus making it invaluable to every one who desires full information.

We will send one copy by mail, postpaid, for 4 cents. Send *two* 2-cent stamps.

Or, we will send 2 copies for 5 cents in stamps.

Or, *one dozen* copies for 25 cents.

Send in your orders at once for copies of "the new tariff law," inclosing the stamps with the order; and we shall take it as a great favor if you will send, on a separate slip of paper, in the same letter, a list of persons in your neighborhood who do not take THE BLADE. Send their names and postoffice addresses, and we will mail each a sample copy of this paper.

The Telegrapher's Fault.

My uncle having made inquiries concerning the price of board in a country town, received this telegram in reply: "Board, $20 a week, including washing up the carriage and piano agent. Robinson."

He wrote in answer, that though both piano agent and carriage required cleansing, he was not accustomed to such charges in a board bill; and soon after learned that the original copy had run thus: "Board, $20 a week, including washing, use of carriage and piano. Agnes Robinson."—[American Notes and Queries.

Science Causerie.

Emmensite, the New Explosive.

A Chicago company has obtained control of the latest inventions in the way of high explosives, among them emmensite, so named after its inventor, Dr. Stephen H. Emmens. The ordnance bureau of the United States navy is now conducting a series of experiments with emmensite, and it has already demonstrated its superiority over other explosives, both in point of safety and in force. It is smokeless, can be ignited only locally by fire, is insensible to friction, and is not injured by changes of temperature. After thorough saturation in water, by drying emmensite regains its original energy. It is exploded by means of a fulminate detonator. With all these advantages it is not strange that the members of the company controlling this invention have great faith in their investments.

As a means of indicating the explosive value of emmensite compared with other compounds of similar nature the appended table is given. Dynamite No. 1 is the standard of value selected:

Compound.	Absolute value (force) in tons per square inch.	Comparative value.
Gunpowder	22.94	3.96
Roburite	82.55	14.03
Picric powder	139.14	25.65
Gun-cotton	342.92	58.29
Methylene	407.70	69.36
Dynamite, No. 1	588.23	100.00
Oxonite	709.10	120.54
Explosive gelatine	807. 1	154.29
Nitro-glycerine	1,080.73	183.72
Emmensite, No. 1	1,391.80	236.60

From the foregoing figures it will be seen that emmensite has an explosive force 29 per cent greater than pure nitro-glycerine, and 136 per cent greater than dynamite No. 1, of which 75 per cent is nitro-glycerine. Twelve grades of emmensite are manufactured, and in the highest and strongest grades the greatest degree of safety against explosion by shock or flame is attained. It may be beaten with a trip-hammer or placed on a red-hot stove with no result except pulverization in the one case and combustion in the other. It is the only compound known combining the propelling power of gunpowder with the shattering force of dynamite. It is composed of two ingredients, each of which is an ordinary non-explosive article of commerce. No extensive plant is required for their mixing, and emmensite may be manufactured readily in the miner's camp, on the field, or on board a man-of-war. It explodes without smoke or fume. Its principal uses are for artillery and ore-blasting. It is made in granulated, cake, or cartridge forms.

Population of Africa.

Now and then we are surprised by new testimony regarding the density of population in some parts of Africa. Capt. Kling, who has been exploring the country behind the German protectorate of Togo on the coast of the Gulf of Guinea, has just reported his visit at Jerrapa, a hitherto unknown town. Suddenly coming within sight of it as he ascended a hill, he says he was astonished to see the huts stretching away in straight lines as far as the eye could reach. During his stay he ascertained that the town contained at least 4,000 large huts, representing probably a population of 25,000 people.

In two or three days' steaming up the Tchuapa river, Grenfell and Van Francois counted in that remarkable region, which they were the first to visit, about 9,600 huts, scattered thickly over the hillsides and along the banks of the river. On the Mobangi river, north of the Congo, along the east and west routes further south which Wissmann and Wolf followed, and in not a few other localities, equally remarkable reports of the density of population have been made.

Very wild estimates have been given by some explorers of the population of Africa. In the opinion of such conservative writers as Mr. Ravenstein, who does not accept the figures given by some travelers, the continent must contain at least 127,000,000 inhabitants.

The fact that Equatorial Africa is, for a torrid country, quite thickly peopled, seems to bear out the statement of many travellers that its climate is more endurable than that of most equatorial regions. The millions who live there are in striking contrast with the exceedingly sparse population of the great Amazon valley. The reason of this larger population is undoubtedly the fact that Equatorial Africa is for the most part an elevated plateau, while the Amazon valley lies only a few hundred feet above the level of the sea, until the foothills of the Cordilleras are reached.

The Greatest Piece of Masonry.

The greatest piece of solid masonry of modern times is now in course of construction in the Bombay Presidency. There being danger that the water supply of the city of Bombay would soon become insufficient, it was decided to increase the water shed of the valley, which drains into the sea south of the city, by means of a dam. The gigantic structure, which will be completed in March next, is two miles long, 118 feet in height and 103 feet wide at the base. The roadway on the top is to be 24 feet in width, and the stonework will cost half a million sterling. The lake of water which this dam will imprison will be eight square miles in area.

Thickness of the Earth's Crust.

How thick is the earth's crust? About ten or twelve years ago the German government made a gigantic effort to settle this question by sinking a shaft near Schladebach, with the object of obtaining data concerning the rate of increase of the earth's temperature with each succeeding 100 feet of descent. At last accounts the shaft had reached a depth of 1,329 meters, which is believed to be the greatest depth to which man has yet penetrated the substratum of the globe. The temperature of the shaft at the 1,300-level was 120° Fahrenheit.

Fire from Steam Pipes.

In an article on the danger of fire from steam pipes, in a German paper, it is said that after wood has remained a long time in contact with steam, hot water, or hot air pipes, the surface becomes carbonized, and during warm weather the charcoal absorbs moisture; when again heated the moisture is driven off, leaving a vacuum into which the fresh air current, circulating around the pipes, rapidly penetrates and imparts its oxygen to the charcoal causing a gradual heating and eventually combustion.

Notes.

The White House, the executive mansion of the United States, was lighted by electricity November 28 for the first time in its history.

It is expected that the cable telephone line between Paris and London will be put into regular service on January 1. Ceremonies for the occasion are now in process of arrangement.

Reports made by the United States Corporation bureau state that during the week ending November 28 there were twenty-nine light, power and transportation corporations organized, their capital stock aggregating $103,350,000. A large proportion of this great showing is for electrical industries.

All the electrical journals of the country have for the last few weeks been printing protests against the further practice of electrocution. The degradation of the element implied by its use for the destruction of a human being is looked upon by electricians in the same light that the little boy watched the killing and dressing of his pet pig—altogether a family affair and an indignity not to be forgiven.

IN THE HALL.

With sweet flushed face upturned to mine,
she stood,
A question shining in her soft brown eyes—
Those eyes whose glance had never failed to
charm.
And whose great power most willingly I own,
Since in them such a tender lovelight lies.
She stood beside me, gentle, pure, and sweet,
And clinging on my arm,
Half hesitating, as if loath to speak,
And yet as if compelled to voice her mind,
Her rounded figure, full of supple grace,
Her soft, dark hair, low on her gentle brow,
Her tair flushed cheeks, her dainty morning
gown,
Impressed me with her girlish loveliness.
Swayed by her charm, into her eyes I gazed,
As if to read her secret, half disclosed,
Which yet she was reluctant to reveal.
Silent, she stood a moment, then with voice
As sweet as rippling music from a flute,
With gentle dignity, she said: "My dear,
Five dollars, please; the children need some
shoes."

—[Somerville Journal.

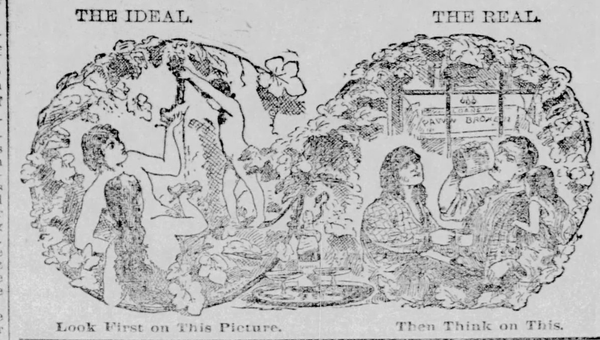
Two of a Kind.

Mrs. Yerger—What is the matter? You seem to be very much annoyed.

Mrs. Peterby—I have good reasons to be annoyed. That addle-pated goose, Mrs. Jones, treats me as if I were not her equal.—[Texas Siftings.

BACCHUS.

THE IDEAL. THE REAL.



Look First on This Picture. Then Think on This.

THE SCOTTISH FISHERIES.

They Are Seen in Their Most Picturesque Character at Newhaven.

Newhaven, of Scotland, is an unpretentious port, lying almost under the shadow of Arthur's Seat and Edinburgh Town, on the Firth of Forth. It has a sleepy, old-world flavor that contrasts markedly with Granton and Trinity on one side, and Leith on the other. Famous for its fishermen, and still more for its fishwives, readers of Charles Reade's "Christie" (it should have been "Kirsty") "Johnstone" will remember the spot. A corner of the main street of Newhaven is reproduced. This corner is a court, which serves as the entrance hall to the houses of the fisher-folk. Downstairs a fisher lad mends the crab-nets, which the jaws and claws of these wily crustaceans have torn. Close by a fisher lassie is baiting the haddock lines with mussels, which last form a valuable commodity in the Firth. In the foreground a fishwife, young and comely, as many of them are, is exchanging words with the lad who carries away the supply of baited lines in a basket; and on the stairs leading to the upper house stands a neighbor fishwife, who has returned from "Edinburgh toun," and who, like her friend in the foreground, carries creel and basket slung from the shoulders as becomes her vocation. There is a picturesque character about these Newhaven lassies and wives which fairly rivals anything at Boulogne, Dieppe, Scheveningen, or elsewhere among fishing towns. The elderly ladies of the fishing persuasion are notable for the number of petticoats they wear, the agglomeration of garments imparting a rotundity to the mature figure that is appaling to witness. The younger lassies wear the kilted skirt shown in the illustration, the stripes contrasting with the dark blue of the cape or cloak. The head-gear is a plain white cap, destitute of the golden ornamentations and wondrous brooches which the Dutch fishwives affect. It is the simplicity of the dress which is the charm of the Newhaven lassies; and visitors to the North, one finds, always retain a lively recollection of the characteristic garb, and note with wonderment the spectacle of even aged wives toiling up the steep streets of Edinburgh, creel on back, laden with the harvest of the sea—haddocks and codfish, skate and turbot, whiting and flounders, and in due season the "caller herring," which emphatically represent "lives o' men," as the familiar song runs.

A STREET CORNER IN NEWHAVEN.

CLOAK AND GOWN.

Two of the Newest Styles Seen in New York Shops.

Here is an opera cloak that belongs with this trousseau. It is made of white cloth, with yoke and standing collar of white velvet embroidered in outline with pale pink roses, each rose spray tied up with gold ribbons. In front the cloak falls straight and full, while in the back it is plaited and cut to the figure. The

A BRIDE'S OPERA CLOAK.

sleeves have puffy rosettes on the shoulders and are long and full and unattached from the armholes. The collar is lined with white ostrich feathers.

Here is an evening dress of gold cloth, a soft dull cloth that looks like chamois skin. It is cut with a draped and pointed bodice, becoming a long and graceful polonaise. It opens at the throat in a very slight point in front and behind, and the points are finished with an edge of the yellow Australian sable fur. Below the fur, which is very odd looking and at the moment very fashionable, the points

A PRETTY EVENING GOWN.

are deepened by an inch-wide band of gold passementerie jeweled with torquoise. The sleeves stop at the elbows and the gold and fur border them and run up on the inside. The skirt is furedged, and the gold and torquoise braid is set in a Greek fret pattern about the bottom of the polonaise.

LET'S TAKE A SMILE.

It is a rule for Christmas to come only once a year, but it is a good rule to go buy.—[Philadelphia Times.

A policeman should never cuff a person on the ear. Handcuffs are the only variety he should use.—[Pittsburg Chronicle.

The drinking man knows what he is about until he is about drunk and then he thinks he is sober.—New Orleans Picayune.

For all we know the jackass may feel thankful that he has ears big enough to take in all his own beautiful music.—[Indianapolis Journal.

A young man who married a "butterfly of fashion" was unable, a year later, to provide "grub" for his butterfly.—[Norristown Herald.

A close observation is likely to lead to the conclusion that what the human mind most craves is some slight pretext for going crazy.—[Washington Post.

The Mayflower.

It was at one time claimed and attempted to be shown that the Puritan Mayflower of 1620 was afterward used as a slave ship. Close research revealed the fact that the slaver was another ship of the same name and different burden. Historical records show that about the year 1474 Richard, Duke of Gloucester, had a ship called the Mayflower, and Hunter, in his "Founders of New England," mentions some twenty ships as bearing that name between the years of 1583 and 1633.

THE OLDEST CHURCH.

The First in this Country Erected by English-Speaking People.

About 200 miles south of the City of Washington, in the County of Isle of Wight, Va., stands the oldest building erected on this continent by English-speaking people, says the Washington *Star*. It is built entirely of brick and called "St. Luke's" and "Old Smithfield Church," while its historic name is "The Brick Church."

This venerable church was built in 1632, 100 years before Washington was born and only twelve years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. The antiquity is proven by two deeply marked date bricks that came down with the east wall in the year 1887, when the original top fell in.

The church having been abandoned as a house of worship in 1830, in the year 1885 Rev. David Barr, then rector of the church at Smithfield, Va., and now the assistant minister of the Church of Epiphany, Washington, D. C., undertook the work of having the old church put in perfect and complete order.

In the restoration twelve of the small windows composing the east window, the nave windows and vestry room windows are to be memorials. In the east window will be one each to Washington (the only memorial window to him in the United States); Lee Bridges, the builder of the church; Rev. Mr. Hubard, last colonial parson of the church (up to 1802, when he died); Bishops Madison,

THE OLD BRICK CHURCH.

Moore, Meade and Johns, Virginia's four deceased chief pastors; Sir Walter Raleigh, Capt. John Smith, John Rolfe, husband of Pocahontas, and Rev. Dr. Blair, founder of the William and Mary college.

The southwest corner window in the nave will be a memorial of Pocahontas, provided principally by her descendants, and the two opposite ones are memorials of Parsons Hunt and Whittaker, first and second chaplains with Capt. John Smith in the Virginia colony. Whittaker baptized Pocahontas and married her to Rolfe.

The first roof was put on the church in 1633, the second in 1737, the third about 1821 and present new one in 1887.

French Chemists Make Rubies.

What is the use of exploring unknown and dangerous countries for rubies when the secret of their artificial production has been discovered? This was the question which the Academy of Sciences discussed on the report of MM. Fremy and Verneuil, who, for some time past, have been making chemical experiments in the manufacture of these stones. More valuable than mere theory was the fact the two chemists exhibited some hundreds of specimens of the glittering red crystals they had succeeded in producing. The rubies were admitted by all to be much superior to anything hitherto manufactured. No little danger, however attends the process. The chemicals have to be fused at a heat so intense that M. Verneuil, during the course of his experiments, nearly lost his sight. While manufacturing rubies the two chemists found that, at a certain stage of the operations, crystals of the color of sapphires were produced, but the hue hitherto obtained has not been equal to the tint of the real gem.

Administering Medicine to the Cat.

A gentleman up-town has a very valuable Angora cat, a id so fine a specimen of her kind that she is famous in a large circle of fashionable folk. She is not rugged in health, yet she cannot be persuaded to take physic. It has been put in her milk, it has been mixed with her meat, it has even been rudely and violently rubbed in her mouth, but never has she been deluded or forced into swallowing any of it. Last week a green Irish girl appeared among the household servants. She heard about the failure to treat the cat. "Shura," said she, "give me the medicine and some lard and I'll warrant she'll be ating all I give her." She mixed the powder and the grease and smeared it on the cat's sides. Pussy at once licked both sides clean and swallowed all the physic. "Faith," said the servant girl, "everybody in Ireland does know how to give medicine to a cat."—[New York Sun.

Lashed.

"Jimpson subdued Bellows with his eye alone."

"Bellows, then, was eye lashed?"

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, where they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

PLOUGHING THE WATER.

An Old Russian Custom Observed in Time of Droughts.

Among people who follow agricultural pursuits more than among others there are many peculiar customs still in vogue in Russia which have their origin either in ancient pagan ceremonies or are deeply rooted in superstition, pure and simple, or fanatic beliefs.

Russia, more than any other country, retains many weird traditions, and the strange usages for the warding off and conjuring of the pernicious drought are particularly numerous. It frequently happens that each district has its own peculiar ceremonies, and often every individual inhabitant follows a line of conduct in that regard peculiar unto himself.

In some of the western provinces of the empire a strange ceremony is resorted to for the cessation of drought, in which the "plough and the women" play a conspicuous part. During long-continued droughts the magistrate convenes and a

"ploughing of the water" is officially ordered. After an early morning procession the unwomen and girls are drummed together in the afternoon for the purpose of the act of "water ploughing." This consists in the tearing up of the bottom of a near-by stream by means of a plough pulled by half-clad women and headed by the largest and strongest dame of the village.

There is no doubt that the ceremony is of pagan origin, but whatever its significance was in olden times history does not say; at the same time its custom is pursued with unerring regularity at the present day throughout the provinces mentioned.

PLEASED WITH THE CHINA SET.

The following recent letters from subscribers who have obtained our china set as premiums show how they are appreciated:

YUBA, Wis., Dec. 10.—I received my BLADE tea set (No. 2) a few days ago. I am much pleased with the dishes. The freight was 80 cents.—MRS. MINTA RICHARDSON.

BRANDON, Wis., Dec. 11.—The tea set is here all right. They are all you claim them to be. We think them very fine.—U. H. GREENELL.

ARNODON, Ill., Dec. 8.—Received my dishes all right this morning; am well pleased. (Premium No. 2.)—MRS. C. M. BOLON.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Neb., Dec. 8.—Received the No. 2 tea set, and am very much pleased with them. They were nicely packed, and not one broken.—MISS EMMA COX.

NOKOMIS, ILL., Dec. 7.—I received the tea set all right. Was well pleased with them. They were nicer than I expected. I was about two days and a half getting up the club. I live in the country, and had to go over a good deal of territory.—MISS. MARY DROST.

NORWICHTOWN, CONN.—My tea set reached here all right, and my wife was very much pleased with it. Result, I must pay for another one.—JOHN E. MAYO.

[The second order from Mr. Mayo has been filled.—ED.]

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Iowa, Dec. 5.—We received the china tea set No. 2 in good condition, and found it just as represented. I am highly pleased with it. It is much nicer than I expected. I was about two weeks making up the club, for this reason: Almost every one was taking all the papers he could read at that time. I think I shall try to make up another club for you by the first of the year.—MRS. H. F. LOGAN.

RUSHVILLE, Ill., Dec. 5.—We received No. 1 Blade tea set and am well pleased with it.—STEPHEN THORP.

PITTSVILLE, Wis., Dec. 13.—The tea set came in good shape; I got them up on Nov. 29. I am well pleased with them, and if I can get the time to get enough names, I want the dinner set. I did my canvassing at odd times, so can hardly tell how long I was getting the club, but I think about two days.—MRS. ANNA UDELL.

GLEN EASTAW, W. VA., Dec 8.—I received the No. 1 set of dishes; not any of them broken or cracked. I am well pleased with them. One of our neighbors, being delighted with them, went to work for a club. Every one seems pleased with the paper.—MRS. G. W. EVANS.

Publishers' Column.

OUR NEW PICTURES.

We have just received, and are now ready to mail, two new pictures, in *colors*, which we will send to subscribers to THE BLADE, each carefully inclosed in a heavy pasteboard tube, postpaid, for 25 cents each. They are the following:

"Napoleon at Friedland, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonnier, the original of which belonged to A. T. Stewart, of New York, and was bought at the sale of his collection by Judge Hilton for $60,000, and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in that city. It is the most wonderful painting of a battle scene ever produced on canvas, and represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite and superb regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland.

The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original. Price 25 cents.

"Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is *in colors*, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000. It represents the Savior brought to the Prætorium, or residence of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on Pilate's face Around him crowd the rabble of Jerusalem. On Pilate's right stands Caiaphas, the high priest; on his left, two elders, watching the proceedings. Through the whole picture are groups of figures and faces reflecting the emotions that animate each.

The copy we offer is 17x24 inches, in colors; the price has hitherto been $1, but our price is 25 cents.

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THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published five different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices.

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The three generals	50c
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THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

NOT A CANDIDATE.

The Diplomatic View of an Old North Carolina Darkey.

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, unquestionably the champion story-teller of the Senate, has a broad stripe of Calvanism down his back, though he is not a communicant in the church. It is told of him that riding along in Buncombe county one day he overtook a venerable darkey, with whom he thought to have "a little fun."

"Uncle," said the governor, "are you going to church?"

"No, sah, not edzactsly—I'm gwine back from church."

"You're a Baptist, I reckon—now, ain't you?"

"No, sah, I ain't no Baptist, de most of the brederen and sisters around here has been under de water."

"Methodist, then?"

"No sah, I ain't no Mefodis, nudder."

"Campbellite?"

"No, sah, I can't errogate to myself de Camelite way of thinkin'."

"Well, what in the name goodness are you then?" rejoined the Governor, remembering the narrow range of choice in religions among North Carolina negroes.

"Well, de fac is, sah, my old master was a Herrald of de Cross in the Presbyterian church and I was fotch up in dat faith."

"What! You don't mean it? Why, that is my church."

The negro making no comment on this announcement, Governor Vance went at him again.

"And do you believe in all of the Presbyterian creed?"

"Yes, sir, dat I does."

"Do you believe in the doctrine of predestination?"

"I dunno dat I recognize de name, sah."

"Why, do you believe that if a man is elected to be saved he will be saved, and that if he is elected to be damned he will be damned?"

"Oh! yes, boss, I believe dat. It's gospel talk, dat is."

"Well, now, take my case. Do you believe that I am elected to be saved?"

The old man struggled for a moment with his desire to be respectful and polite, and then shook his head dubiously.

"Come, now, answer my question," pressed the governor. "What do you say?"

"Well—I tell you what 'tis, Marse Zeb, Ise been libin in dis hyah world nigh on sixty years, and I nebber yit hyard of any man bein' elected 'dout he was a candidate."—[N. Y. Tribune.

Christmas Facts.

The date of Christmas day was probably fixed upon more by tradition than by Papal decrees, and sometime between A. D. 139 and 352.

There is an old Saxon ordinance, in the days of King Alfred, by virtue of which the twelve days after the nativity of our Saviour are made festivals.

During the existence of the Commonwealth many laws were passed forbidding all observance of Christmas day. In 1647 some parish officers were committed for permitting ministers to preach on Christmas day and for adorning the church.

Frightful Vengeance.

There was a young man of Montclair,
Who carried his head in the air,
Till a girl from Hoboken,
Whose heart he had broken,
Said his beard she could count to a hair.
—N. Y. Herald.

But He Didn't.

Jimpson—One thing I'd like to know.

Cura Bellows—Yes, you ought to know one thing at least.—[N. Y. Herald.

CALIFORNIA!!

Do you want a safe investment for a small capital, in a colony organized upon a plan which renders "Booms" impossible! Investigate our claims. Cost to purchaser is only what it takes to cultivate the ground. Raisins, Peaches, Figs, etc., produced, paying $100 to $300 per acre. Excursions from Chicago semi-monthly. Free fares to purchasers. For full information address John Brown Colony, Room 63, No. 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

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Published by the Toledo Blade Co.

REDUCED PRICES.

In order to reduce the stock on hand we mark down the price of books of our own publication to cost of manufacturing and postage. The books in this list cannot be obtained elsewhere, and before next spring most of them will be out of print. Subscribers in renewing for THE BLADE should take the opportunity to possess one of these books. For a brief time we offer with or without THE BLADE, at the following prices:

"HEALTH AND BEAUTY," by Miss Emily S. Bouton, cloth. Retail price, $1.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year for $1.80.

"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE," by Miss Emily S. Bouton, cloth. Retail price, $1.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year for $1.80.

Address,

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE BLADE
WASHING MACHINE

It is only after careful consideration, and through testing the machine, that we have concluded to offer our subscribers the Blade Washer. Thousands have been made and sold during the past two years in North-western Ohio, and throughout the United States, and we are satisfied to recommend and endorse them. It is the only perfect machine on the market, and saves time, labor, soap and clothing. Directions accompany each machine. The retail price of this Machine is $7.00. We, however, offer to send one of these Machines by freight to any address, and also a copy of the Weekly Blade one year for only $5.00; or, we will skip a Machine free to any person sending us ten subscribers for the Weekly Blade one year and $10. The entire club of ten to be sent at one time. The Washer is carefully boxed or crated, and shipped by freight. The purchaser paying freight on receipt of Machine. The freight charges will be but a trifle. Address

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We have arranged to Club THE BLADE with either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

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Scientific American	4 00	4 20
Waverly Magazine	4 00	4 50
Chicago Advance	2 50	3 00
Am. Bee Journal	1 00	1 80
Orange Judd Farmer	1 00	1 80
Rural New Yorker	2 00	2 50
MONTHLIES.		
Wide Awake	3 00	3 40
St. Nicholas	3 00	3 50
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 00
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Our Little Ones	1 00	1 80
Arthur's Home Magazine	2 00	2 50
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 20
Brainard's Musical World	2 50	3 00
Leslie's Popular Monthly	3 00	3 40
Leslie's Sunday Magazine	2 50	3 00
Harper's Monthly	4 00	4 20
Godey's Lady Book	2 00	2 40
The Century	4 00	4 50
Scribner's Monthly	3 00	3 40
Harper's Young People	2 00	2 60

We stipulate that we must receive AT THE SAME time one subscriber to THE BLADE for each copy of any other paper ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, or even to the same postoffice.

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THE BLADE and any one of the following publications will be sent one year for the price named in the second column:

Weekly Blade	$2.25
Weekly Blade and Rural New-Yorker	3.50
Weekly Blade and American Agriculturist	2.50
Weekly Blade and Rural New-Yorker and American Agriculturist	4.00
Weekly Blade and Weekly Tribune	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Times	2.50
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Weekly Blade and Weekly Record	2.50
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Weekly Blade and Weekly Times and Star	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Commercial Gazette and Farmer	2.50
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Weekly Blade and Weekly Courier and Home Guest	2.50
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Weekly Blade and Weekly Republic and Sunday Republic	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Post-Dispatch and Sunday Post-Dispatch	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Inter-Ocean and Sunday Inter-Ocean	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Chronicle and Sunday Chronicle	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Ledger and Sunday Ledger	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Enquirer and Sunday Enquirer	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Gazette and Sunday Gazette	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Star and Sunday Star	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Sentinel and Sunday Sentinel	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Record and Sunday Record	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Journal and Sunday Journal	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Bee and Sunday Bee	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Press and Sunday Press	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Call and Sunday Call	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Leader and Sunday Leader	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Plain Dealer and Sunday Plain Dealer	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Herald and Torch Light and Sunday Herald and Torch Light	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Tribune and Farmer and Sunday Tribune and Farmer	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Times and Star and Sunday Times and Star	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Commercial Gazette and Farmer and Sunday Commercial Gazette and Farmer	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Commercial Bulletin and Fireside Companion and Sunday Commercial Bulletin and Fireside Companion	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Courier and Home Guest and Sunday Courier and Home Guest	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Democrat and Sunday Mail and Sunday Democrat and Sunday Mail	2.50
Weekly Blade and Weekly Herald and Sunday Herald and Sunday Herald	2.50
Weekly Blade

HOME TALKS.

THAT DISCUSSION

About Dowries and Other Things—A Masculine Yes and Five Feminine Noes—A Little Talk About Girls

A YEAR or two ago I saw, in a Chicago paper, a letter from Prof. Swing, strongly advocating what he called an endowment fund for women. I have forgotten the details of his plan now, but I think it was his object to provide for women who do not marry, and yet have not been trained to take care of themselves. The matter was brought to my mind by the discussion in the *North American Review* of the question, "Shall Our Daughters Have Dowries?"

Six well known writers have expressed their opinions in short, and for the most part, incisive articles. The first paper, by Mr. C. S. Messinger, takes the affirmative strongly and emphatically. The other five, written by such women as Harriet Prescott Spofford, Amelia E. Barr, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, Mary A. Livermore and Alice Wellington Rollins, are all, strange to say, decidedly opposed to the establishment of such a custom in the United States. In these, the strongest arguments to my mind are presented by Mrs. Livermore. While she is one of the happiest of wives and mothers, she does not write from that standpoint, as do Mrs. Barr and Mrs. Beecher, but takes a broader outlook over the field.

Granted that there was no unselfishness in the world; granted that all men looked upon their wives as equal partners in the family earnings; granted that all wives felt such an entirety of love and confidence in their husbands that it was like asking their other self for money; granted all this, and there would then be small reason for dowries for wives, since the need of an independent purse, provided in that way, could only come from the sickness or misfortune which would cut off the husband's earnings.

It seems very absurd, however, to talk about the evil of separate purses since it can certainly be no greater than the having of but one purse and that always the husband's. Though I am not an advocate of this dowry business, I do believe that every wife should have a certain allowance in proportion to the family income, which she may spend without question for candy or for clothes, just as the husband invests his change in cigars or any other indulgence that pleases him.

Mr. Messinger makes a plea for the young men who want to marry, but are unable to do so on a small salary. I cannot see where they are to be pitied. Let them trim their sails to the wind and there will be no trouble. In other words, cultivate economy, and then—here is where the rub comes in—marry—not the girl who has been brought up in a home of luxury, who has never been taught to make the most and best of things, whose only mission in life she has been taught, inferentially at least, is to look pretty and graceful, dance well and have a good time—but one who has, like himself, been thoroughly equipped by an industrial education to be really a helpmeet as well as a companion. A young man of small income has no business to marry a girl who has been brought up in a home of ease, the attributes of which are far beyond his means to provide, and expect her to develop at once the qualities that can only be the outcome of training.

These kind of marriages, which are only too common, come, there is no doubt, from the false social laws that govern the action of too many people. The young man who works is admitted where the young woman who labors for self-support and equally worthy, would find closed doors. Why the girl who elects that her head and hands shall make her independent has any less claim to the respect of society than her brother, who is doing the same thing, is one of those conundrums which nobody is willing to undertake to answer, simply because it has its root in an obscurity.

Happily this state of things is, to some extent, passing away. Men are growing less afraid that the woman who strikes out for herself in some field of money-making is some monstrous perversion of nature. They are learning that an acquaintance with the worth of money makes her often a more thrifty wife and a happier one, for she has resources within herself that will always give her an interest in life.

The remedy for the evils Mr. Messinger describes, does not lie in the dowry, which, in nine cases out of ten, must be the fruit of rigid self-denial upon the part of the parents, through many years, and the narrowing of family life into most uncomfortable limits. Mrs. Livermore well says: "To inaugurate an economical fashion is well; only let it be one of prevention, not of cure. To rear a girl in absolute dependence, good for nothing, selfish in her aims, and exacting in her demands, is a sin against the daughter, and against society. To begin at her birth to economize and retrench in every department for the accumulation of money, that this monstrous perversion of her life may be accomplished and maintained, is grotesque and heathenish. Girls thus trained will fail of attaining a high order of womanhood. Their aims will be petty, their ideals low, and nothing very excellent can be expected of them in wifehood or motherhood."

Let the parents rather use this money in giving their daughters an industrial training, no matter what accomplishments may be added, that will enable them to help the over-taxed father by assuming their own support. It is a mistaken tenderness to rear them in careless ease and comfort, and then give them to men who have only their labor to depend upon to procure the necessaries of life. A business training does not unfit a girl for the duties of wife and mother, but rather gives her a self-discipline and reliance that render her better fitted to become the guardian spirit of a home.

I do not think all of these writers who set forth their views in the *Review* wish to convey the idea that a dowry should never be calculated for. If it can be laid away without injustice to the family, there is nothing out of the way in its doing. There is no need, however, as Mrs. Rollins suggests, that the time of bestowment be restricted to the day of marriage. In fact it would always be well where a girl does not leave the home circle to earn money, to give her an allowance through this dowry or in some other way for her expenses, and then let her learn to govern herself accordingly. Make the limitation absolute so that she will not be self-indulgent and then rely upon the parents to help her out.

No, the dowry arrangement, simply as a dowry at marriage, will not be likely to win many converts in the present state of society; not at all because of the fear that it will break up home love, by making the wife independent of the husband, for that is bosh; but because the laws of society here are too general in their demands upon rich and poor alike. People have not yet come to live in accordance with their means, without trying to do what their richer neighbor does, which must effectually prevent the rigid economy the saving of the dowries would entail.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Christmas Trees.

A Christmas tree is always a delight to the youngsters, and older ones enjoy them too. Always choose a well shaped tree, and set it firmly in a tub, with enough stones to hold it firm. Then cover it over with cloth—any old muslin will do—and over that put a layer of cotton batting, letting it reach to the floor, so that it will look as if in a bank of snow. The effect will be prettier if you get what is called diamond dust to sprinkle over it, the light shining upon it making it sparkle beautifully. This comes cheap, and a little goes a good ways.

Put little bunches of cotton here and there in the tree, but far enough away from the little burning candles to prevent danger. String yards upon yards of pop corn to loop in and out of the branches. If you can make some tissue flowers so much the better; they will add to the brightness. If not you can make bunches of red berries, by putting stems of fine wire into dried peas, dipping each one into melted sealing wax, then tying them together upon the tree.

Fill little lace bags with different colored candies and fasten them upon the tree.

Of course, everybody knows about getting the little tin candlesticks with small wax candles that come for the purpose, and lighting them after the tree is trimmed and all ready for the spectators.

A Santa Claus may be dressed up in a suit of white cotton flannel, which is cheap and effective. Cut strips and black it in spots to look like ermine and trim the suit. Make hair and beard of cotton batting, but do not put it upon the suit, because it is too inflammable.

Of course the presents in the tree are to be disposed of as the one in charge pleases. If it is a charity Christmas tree, the gifts can be made cheaply and yet prettily. Get little boxes, cover with bright colored paper and fill with candy. There are any quantity of little things that will delight the hearts of the children and yet cost little or nothing.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

PICTURE FRAMES.—The framing of a picture prettily is quite expensive, but there are often ways of making them that will be tasteful and cost little. One was described some time ago in these columns. Have a carpenter make a plain pine frame, having it perfectly smooth. Then paint it any color you choose, or gild it over, and cover it with rings which have been crocheted over with silk.

Another way is to take the frame, paint it over, then get gilt-headed nails and drive them in, in figures. A row may be put around both the outer and the inner edges, if liked.

PHOTOGRAPH HOLDERS. — Get heavy drawing paper, with the rough surface. Cut a piece four and a half times as long as a cabinet photograph is wide. Turn the ends over until they nearly meet in the center of the paper, and then fold it together like a book. Paste the edges together at the top and bottom, after cutting out the centers of the two insides to show the pictures when slipped in. Gild the edges that come next the pictures and paint some pretty flower design around the margins. Paint a spray of flowers upon the outside of one cover and some gilt figures upon the other. Tie them through the back with baby ribbon in full loops.

"Fancy Work and House Decoration" No. 3 will help you with your Christmas work. Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

A POKER HOLDER makes a pretty little gift. Have a square piece of bright colored silk or velvet. Etch upon it in gold the words, "Ye Fireside Companion." Line it with colored flannel, first laying in a thickness of cotton batting. Bind the edges with ribbon, and follow the feel so desperately hopeless again. God. Our Father, and see if, with your own help, God cannot restore your confidence in your husband again. Love is not all in all in man's life as it is in woman's. We must not expect too much in that line. Yet now many men I have seen hurt too deep for words by some woman's sharp tongue. They have learned how sublime it is to suffer and be silent as well as strong. A husband's love is one of the dearest ties in life, be careful how you trifle with it; it's easy to keep, yet hard to win, when once lost. Desperate means may be used in desperate cases, and yet, I doubt if the end justifies the means. "Hopeless," look at both sides of the question, try something different, and see if you don't have some "happy moments," and get all the kindness and sympathy you want; and don't think for a moment, because your husband has joined a secret society and attends it he don't love you.—M. M.

THE MOOTED QUESTION.—

"O! wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel' as others see us.

The above quotation is one that is often used by us, though I doubt if we any of us, ever really mean it.

It came into my head when I read the list of answers to the question, "Shall a married woman earn money? or has she a right to do so?"

Who that reads those answers can doubt, for a moment, that we are the natural descendents of Adam and Eve, and that the world that went wrong in the beginning has never yet got straightened out!

Man claims to be the head of the family because he was first created, but I never pay much attention to that, because after all he only came next to the animals, and as every creation was of a higher order, woman as the last, must be angelic.

But when we come right down to bottom facts, who is there among us who doubts for a moment that it is every man's duty to provide for his wife and family unless he is physically, mentally or morally incapacitated.

Girls! no matter who the man is, nor how much you may love him, don't marry him until he is earning enough to support you. You have no right to marry under the supposition that you can help with the support of the family; neither have you any right to suppose that you will have no family. All of nature's laws are against the indulgence of any such illusions.

Whatever comes afterwards you may not be able to help, but don't walk into trouble that you can help. Be wise and wait; true love grows strong by waiting. And to marry without love I think is as bad as it is to live with a man who is not your husband.

And wives, whoever and wherever you are, insist upon it that your husband support you and your family, unless you are certain sure that he is incapable of doing so. If it is necessary that he should go to the Fiji Islands, in order to do it, go with him. In the end it will be better for you.

I sincerely pity the married woman who is obliged to leave her home and go out into the world to earn a living for her family, or herself even.

Now, please don't think that I am one of those who take a cruel pleasure in using what little influence I have in making, or trying to make, others do the things they most dislike under the name of discipline; and, by the way, just here let me say that the word discipline is one that is often misused.

It does not, as many suppose, refer to punishment, but as I understand it, is derived from the word disciple, and has reference to a system of training for a higher life.

I think the true discipline of life lies in doing always the duty lying nearest; and whatsoever our hands find to do, doing with all our might. Always with a sincere trust in our Savior that He will help, guide and care for us, and at last bring us to glory.

Yes, girls; life is a serious business.

Use your talents, of course. You will need them all as you go along, so don't waste them in building card houses that will, ere long, tumble in pieces before your eyes.—FLORENCE EUSTIS.

A MORNING'S WORK.—I leave my couch at 5 o'clock in the morning, prepare my toilet, hasten to the kitchen, and over a hot fire I put the coffee boiler with as many tablespoonfuls of coffee as there are pints of water, one for each person; steep 20 minutes, strain into the coffee urn and keep hot. I set spiders on the stove, and when hot, I turn in one my meat, the other my potatoes. I lay my meat, either beef or pork, in the hot, dry spider, cover closely, turn and fry quickly. For the potatoes I put two tablespoonfuls of sweet meat frying in the hot spider, turn in potatoes, salt, pepper, and add one tablespoonfuls of water. Cover and fry slowly; turn two or three times. When your grease is very hot, add to it a pinch of flour, which will keep it from igniting with the heat of the stove and thence into a flame.

Eggs—To fry them nicely lay in one teaspoonful of sweet lard in a hot frying pan. I have muffin bands, which I lay in pan and drop an egg in each one, it keeping them a uniform size. Cover closely and they will be ready to serve in three minutes.

Toast, my favorite dish—Insert in a wire toaster a slice of fresh, sweet yeast or saltrising bread. Lay over hot embers and turn every moment until evenly browned. Have in readiness a dish with a pint of hot water, to which a teaspoonful of salt has been added, slightly insert the toast in this salt water, then lay on a hot platter and butter; alternate bread and butter. When all is toasted, cover closely and return to the heater. Serve with syrup of sugar or powdered sugar. Delicious!

Breakfast over I amuse myself for a short time fondling and feeding my educated cats, five in number. Time is precious. I haste to my bed chamber, raise windows, swing doors ajar, remove slumber robes. Thus I leave it and into the kitchen. Oh, dear, what a muss! First I remove the table contents; dash the dishes through a hot suds, turn in a draining tray, pour hot water over and they are finished. I learned this on the Ohio river. It saves time and no dish towels to wash. I then lift ashes, brush stove, sweep and dust, bring water and wood, then prepare the vegetables for dinner.

I let this suffice for the present and enter my reception room; air, sweep and dust it, arrange it tastefully and close.

I return to my chamber, lay up my couch, sweep and dust, arrange furniture and draperies. Nine o'clock finds me relieved from my busy morning labors, and for a short respite I pick up the world BLADE, and, in my rustic rocker, I devote a half hour to reading the HOUSEHOLD'S very interesting page, which is manna to the mind.

I haste away to my domestic duties again, replenish the fires, fill my kettle, and then repair to my sewing room to renovate some undergarments. This done. Hark! I hear the sweet music from the iron kettle's throat. It is calling time to come. Haste, but do not often use the boiling water.

Potatoes to mash.—Put them over in an earthen kettle, with enough cold water to cover them; add a level tablespoonful of salt, cover, slowly boil 20 minutes, remove the water, and add the cold water again. This throws the heat to the center.—MRS. BRUCE.

WOMAN'S MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—When I bought my ticket to return from the convention at Washington last spring I asked for a Traveler's Insurance Policy; the agent hesitatingly said, "you won't get anything unless you're killed;" that made me hesitate, but I laughed and said, "I presume I won't need anything unless I am killed;" and he smilingly replied; "You won't need anything if you are," but I answered: "The babies will."

I read the policy after buying it, and saw for myself what I had been told before, viz., how unjust such policies are to women; any one who reads one cannot fail to perceive it. During the summer we had the usual number of chances to insure in the wealthy, widely-advertised, high-priced companies through their sleek, well-paid agents; as usual the rates were so high as to be prohibitory to us.

The United Workmen offer a very reasonable rate on $2,000 for men; women can not join the order. Some Eastern Farmers' Mutuals also do, but will not take risks at a distance.

In view of these facts, and others, I have decided, sisters, that we will form a mutual of our own to be called the "Woman's Mutual Life Insurance company." Mr. S., treasurer of our local A. O. U. W. lodge, assures me that in this jurisdiction the death rate per year has never been more than twenty-three, and is sometimes as low as twelve; this in a membership now numbering 3,800, and starting eight years ago with 1,800. The jurisdiction embraces Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah and Nevada, I think, so you will perceive that it lies wholly in the extra healthy region of the Rockies.

During the few weeks we have agitated this matter, we have already received notice from over 300 women, that they desire to take out policies, but it does not seem best to organize with less than 1,000, so let us hear from others quickly.

It seems of little use to advertise; so many stupendous frauds do that, that sensible women are chary of investing. Then you can see that we have no money to advertise with, as this is not a money making scheme, and there will not be a dollar paid in till we organize and issue policies, then we will have enough to pay expenses till the first death.

All points are not decided yet; write me your ideas, wishes, etc., and don't forget, if you wish an answer, to enclose stamps for the necessary stationery and postage, for I am not very wealthy, especially since these two years of drouth and depression in Montana; and that makes me more anxious to insure and help provide for the babies I may not be spared to care for.

We will need no salaried officers, but the best women in the land will lend us their names. We will have no luxurious offices; no agents, except as each earnest sister calls the attention of others to our association; we will pay good living wages for the time actually employed in doing our writing, and the only other expenses will be printing, paper and postage.—EVA WARREN COLLIER, Townsend, Mont.

QUESTIONS.—May I ask "Buckeye Nell" a few questions? How can a woman "earn more money in a year than she could possibly earn in ten, where she is?" What do you think she is doing where she is? Nothing whatever? How do you raise money to pay some one for breaking your land, setting out your trees, building your house, etc.? Do you "sell butter and eggs?" If so, how do you get them to town? Let me see: "My house is simple" (are you sure you are not a little inclined that way yourself?) "but full of beauty, and I am happy and content, because I am independent." My dear girl are you "happy and content?" Don't you long for companionship of some sort? Were you ever taken sick in the night, when you would have willingly given all of your 480 (with the exception of 1½ yards cut bias off the northeast corner to stand on till you could yet away) for some one to bring you a drink of water? How far are you from the postoffice. Do you get THE BLADE before it is a week old? How much do you want for your land? Or is it neighbors, towns and railroads you want? Let me hear from you soon.—NINA.

Inquiries.

Will the lady who contributes the pattern for lace curtains please tell what kind of yarn or thread, and the size of knitting needle to be used, so as to bring out the full beauty of the pattern?—A GOOD KNITTER.

Soft knitting cotton No. 12 is good, and No. 5 needles. Perhaps the lady or some one else may have some other suggestion to make about it.—ED.

Can any of the readers tell me how to prepare plaster of paris to fasten the top of a lamp that the burner screws into?—CONNIE.

Will some one kindly inform me where and in what kind of a store I can get artificial leaves for paper flowers?—MRS. J. C. WHEATON.

Will some one please send directions how to do Kensington painting?—EMMA HASKINS.

These cannot be given at length as they have already been published in these columns.—ED.

What is good for worms in children?—M. E. B.

Will some one give description in THE BLADE of a nice present for a young lady? Nothing very expensive.—M. B.

Your first question involves an exchange and the publishing of an address and neither is allowed in the HOUSEHOLD.—ED.

Will some one tell how to make peacock feathers into large brushes?—MRS. P.

Will some one send directions for making oyster croquettes?—E. L. R.

I have heard, through THE BLADE, a mention of whole meal, or some such kind of bread, to be eaten for the health or complexion. Can any one tell me where it can be obtained, and how it is made?—GREENHORN.

Will some one tell me how I can bleach my hair without injuring it, and what will make it grow?—EDITH.

How can I go about raising parsely for garnishing and flavoring?—MRS. L. H.

Answers to Inquiries.

MRS. L.:—A good way to save small pieces of soap is to make a five inch square bag of white flannel and use white cotton tape to form a loop at the top of the bag so it can be hung up when not in use. Before sewing up the bag outline the word "Soap" in fancy letters on one side of the bag, and any other desired decoration. Turkey red cotton is best to use for the letters, as it does not fade. Hang the bag in a convenient place and from time to time, as the cakes of toilet soap decrease in size until too small for use, drop the pieces into the bag, and when it is half full sew up the opening at the top and the bath bag will be ready for use.

"Marguerita:"—Your friends and acquaintances should call upon you after so long an absence. Of course you would not stand upon ceremony with any one near and dear to you. It is easy to inform people of your return through a line or two in the social columns of your city papers.—ED.

I intend to travel some this winter and want to know if my black lace dress will be suitable for dinner wear at a hotel. Shall I wear ribbon on my neck tied on one side, or what kind of neck wear shall I get?—MAY.

Certainly, unless it is made for evening wear. It is a "fad," not a pretty one either, of the moment, to wear nothing on the neck, leaving the high collar without garniture. A little line of white or cream color is much more becoming, however, to the great majority of people.—ED.

W. H. W.:—We cannot publish your address, and your inquiry would be worth nothing without it. Why do you not send and purchase a book with declamations, etc? Lee & Shepard, Boston, have published several, and other publishing houses also.—ED.

Emma Spicer:—The M. E. Church South, is that branch that split off from the regular organization at the General Conference in Philadelphia in 1844, upon the slavery question. The whole matter was detailed at length in the "Question Bureau" of BLADE, of October 2.—ED.

Jemimi J.:—The *Art Interchange* published in New York City, gives directions of that kind in its various issues, and *The Decorator and Furnisher*, also published there, is devoted to such purposes. You would, of course, have to depend upon yourself for choosing things to accord with your house and your means.—ED.

Recipes.

CHICKEN PIE.—Joint the chickens and boil in salted water just enough to cover them, and simmer slowly for half an hour. Line a dish with crust; then, when cold, put the chicken in layers, with thin slices of broiled pork, and butter the size of an egg, cut in small pieces. Put in enough liquor, in which the fowls were boiled, to reach the surface; salt and pepper each layer; dredge in a little flour, and cover all with a light, thick crust. Make a small slit in the center of the crust. Bake about one hour in a hot oven.

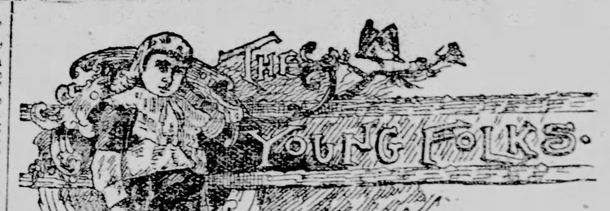
MISS CORSON'S SAUTE.—After jointing the chicken, place it in a sauce-pan, with just enough olive oil on the bottom of the pan to keep it from burning. Olive oil is considered purer and the most wholesome of any kind of fat. After the chicken is thoroughly browned cover it with boiling water, stir it, and cook slowly for one hour; season with salt and pepper, then add 1 tablespoonful of flour and put into it either small onions or mushrooms. Add the flour dry; by stirring avoid any lumps in the broth. If the chicken weighs 3 lbs, use 12 small onions. Be careful not to cut the little ends of each as is usually done when they are served alone.

FOWLS BOILED WITH OYSTERS.—Take a young fowl, fill the inside with oysters, put it into a jar, and plunge the jar into a kettle of sauce-pan of water. Boil it for one and one-half hours. There will be a quantity of gravy from the juices of the fowl and oysters in the jar; make it into a white sauce, with the addition of egg, cream, or a little flour and butter; add oysters to it, or serve it up plain with the fowl. The gravy that comes from a fowl dressed in this manner will be a stiff jelly the next day; the fowl will be very white and tender, and of exceedingly fine flavor—advantages not attainable in ordinary boiling—while the dish loses nothing of its delicacy and simplicity.

ROAST GOOSE.—Clean and wash the goose, putting a teaspoonful of soda in next to the last water, rinse out well, and wipe the inside dry. Add to a stuffing of bread crumbs, pepper and salt, 1 tablespoonful of melted butter, 1 large-sized onion chopped fine, 1 tablespoonful of chopped sage, the yolks of 2 eggs, and some small bits of fat pork. Stuff body and craw, and sew up. If the fire is strong it will take two hours to roast. Cover the breast until it is half done, with white paper, or a paste of flour and water, removing this when you are ready to brown. Make a gravy as for roast duck, adding a glass of sherry or port. Serve with cranberries.

SCALLOPED ONIONS.—Place a layer of white onions, chopped fine, in a buttered baking dish, then a layer of bread crumbs, pepper, salt and a little butter; then onions again, and lastly bread crumbs, pepper, salt and butter. Over this pour 1 teacupful of milk. Bake one-half hour. About 1 dozen onions should be used.

—If you suffer from catarrh why don't you take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the common sense remedy? It has cured many people.



BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

TOTO, IND.	Ada Dell Ream,
Nellie A. Geddes,	Ida Bell Ream,
Lucy B. Geddes,	Jeremiam Ream,
Pearl Collins,	Frank Gappa,
Clyde Collins,	Martha Gappa,
John Bell,	Ada Carmin,
Harry Lee Bell,	Bertha Viola Carmin,
Mary Viola Summers,	VALPARAISO, IND.
NORTH JUDSON, IND.	William Mankey,
Amanda Ream,	William Hartz,
Susanah Ream,	Francis Jackson,

Names this week, 18. Total, 30,019.

† The above embraces all names received up to December 15.

Dreams.

Some tiny elves, one evening, grew mischievous, it seems,
And broke into the store-room where the Sand-man keeps his dreams,
And gathered up whole armfuls of dreams all bright and sweet,
And started forth to peddle them a-down the village street.

Oh, you would never, never guess how queerly these dreams sold;
Why, nearly all the youngest folk bought dreams of being old;
And one wee chap in curls and kilts, a gentle little thing,
Invested in a dream about an awful pirate king.

A maid, who thought her pretty name old-fashioned and absurd,
Bought dreams of names the longest and the queerest ever heard;
And, strange to say, a lad, who owned all sorts of costly toys,
Bought dreams of selling papers with the raggedest of boys.

And then a dream of summer and a barefoo boy at play
Was bought up very quickly by a gentleman quite gray;
And one old lady—smiling through the grief she tried to hide—
Brought bright and tender visions of a little girl who died.

A ragged little beggar girl, with weary, wistful face,
Soon chose a Cinderella dream, with jewels all ablaze—
Well, it wasn't many minutes from the time they came in sight
Before the dreams were all sold out and the elves had taken flight.

—[S. Walter Norris in St. Nicholas.

For the Blade Young Folks.

Bunny's First Adventure.

BY S. Q. LAPIUS.

BUNNY was a little brown-eyed, cottontailed rabbit. His earliest recollection was of a narrow country lane, bounded on one side by a crumbling stone wall, and on the other by a green hedge. Back of the hedge was a field of verdant wheat, and beyond the stone wall was a field of fragrant clover. In the centre of the lane, where the farmer's boy drove the cows morning and evening, was the finest of yellow sand.

Under the leafy hedge, where the redbird had her nest, Bunny and his little brothers and sisters dreamed away the long summer day; and in the cool evenings, when the stars began to peep forth from the dark blue sky, they sported and gambled in the golden sand, or played at hide-and-seek in the green clover.

Here, was Bunny's home. Here, he watched the way-side flowers bloom and the clover blossom. Here, he saw the green wheat change to golden yellow, and heard the chirp of infant birds in their nest.

The summer days sped away, one by one. The farmer reaped the wheat and mowed the clover. Bunny's brothers and sisters grew large and strong; left the quiet lane to seek their fortunes in the great, unknown world; until finally, Bunny alone remained. He could not make up his mind to go. This lane was the only home that he knew, and his little heart throbbed sadly, when he thought of leaving it.

Autumn came at last. The wheat stubble bleached and faded. The leaves were falling from the hedge, exposing the red-bird's empty and deserted nest. Beyond the bare clover field, the trees in the farmer's orchard shook their skeleton arms in the chilly wind, and sighed that the summer was ended. Not a flower remained; and the clear and frosty nights warned Bunny that he must seek a more substantial abode than the leafless hedge.

So, true to his nature, he burrowed a hole beneath the old stone wall, and prepared to spend the winter therein. But after all, he was a very thoughtless little rabbit. He said to himself: "The farmer's orchard is full of luscious apples. It is only a short distance away, and I can visit it each night and eat as many as I wish. When the days are cold and wet, I can sleep in my burrow; and when they are fair, I can bask in the sunlight, protected from the searching wind by a clump of briars or pennyroyal. I can watch the thistle seeds eddying through the air, and listen to the whistle of the wind among the dead weeds. What a royal time I shall have!"

Poor, prodigal, little fellow! He did not realize that the apples would be picked from the trees, and stored in the farmer's cellar, for winter use; that those on the ground would be carefully gathered for cider making. The thought never entered his tiny, brown head, that deep snows would fall, concealing the few that chanced to remain. But so it happened.

The days grew colder. Rain began to fall, and the brook that ran through the stubble field was swollen to a turbulent torrent. Then the weather became still colder. The icicles hung from the hedge in shining clusters, and the wheat stubble sparkled in the sunlight like a field of diamonds. The wintry wind rushed and stormed around the stone wall. From the West arose a dark, gray cloud, and the feathery snow flakes blotted out the sun, and piled deeper and deeper over the landscape.

All this time, where was Bunny? Snug and warm in his burrow, he was sleeping, all unconscious of the storm that was howling without. The short winter day waned, and being very hungry, he crept forth to go to the old orchard. What a surprise! It was the first snow that he had ever seen. He hopped into it, hopped back into his hole, shook his feet and went to bed again.

All night the snow fell silently. At morn it was many inches deep, and the wind blew colder than ever. Shortly after daylight, the wind fell, the snow ceased falling, and the sun peeped out; but Bunny, although he thought himself almost famished, dared not venture forth. He thought it the longest day that he had ever known. Several times he went to the mouth of the burrow, and looked out; but each time fear overcame his desire for food, and he went back.

Night came at last and forth he started. The first leap he gave he landed in a large snow drift. Then the struggle began. From one drift to another, by short labored jumps, he painfully worked his way to the orchard.

Oh, bitter disappointment! Not an apple could he find. He rooted and dug in the fleecy snow, but all to little purpose. True, he found a few half rotten, frozen apples, but they made his teeth ache so badly that he could not eat them. He was almost discouraged, and cold and hungry; was about to return, when he beheld a curious kind of box nestling against the roots of a tree.

Bunny was a very inquisitive little rabbit, and he promptly resolved to investigate this box. So he hopped up to it, and found it to be about twice as long as it was wide—the top and one end being open. He did not notice that the lid—to cover both the top and end—was suspended at an angle above, by means of a cord, or he might have been suspicious. Neither did he notice that the cord ran over a support at the closed end of the box, and was attached to a curious "figure 4" trigger.

He peeped in, and saw at the further end what made his heart beat with joy. On the end of a sharpened stick was a piece of raw turnip. Bunny had eaten turnips once before. He had visited a patch in the vicinity of the farmer's barnyard; but he never repeated the experiment, having been frightened almost to death by the barking of the farm dog.

He crept into the box and smelled of the piece of turnip. Then he nibbled it. It tasted so much better than the half rotten apples that he resolved to eat it, then and there. He took a firm hold with his teeth and began pulling with all his puny strength to remove it from the stick. All at once rattle, bang, crash, down came the lid!

Bunny was caught in a trap! He knew that something terrible had happened. He tried to back out. It could not be done. He tried to turn around, but the trap was too narrow. His little heart thumped against his gray coat. He was almost ready to faint. He forgot all about the piece of turnip. He was not hungry now.

And all through the long winter night he sat and shivered, and wondered how it would all end. He could not tell when morning came, for it was very dark inside the trap, but after what seemed hours and hours, Bunny heard a strange, sniffling noise outside, and then he recognized the sharp bark of his old enemy, the farm dog. Soon the lid of the trap was cautiously lifted, and a brown, work-hardened hand caught Bunny by the legs. The dull face of Jack, the farmer's boy, lighted with pleasure as he said to the barking, leaping dog: "Get down, Carlo; I want this chap for breakfast."

Jack started for home, swinging Bunny by the hind legs, and brushing his nose in the snow at every swing. The little fellow had given up all hope, and had ceased to struggle. He saw, when it was too late, the vital mistake that he had made.

As Jack was climbing the fence near the barn, a rail broke, and he fell to the ground. In trying to catch himself he loosed his hold on Bunny, who was not slow to improve the opportunity. Away he sped, with the short-eared dog in full pursuit. Bunny's brown legs fairly flew; his life was at stake and he leaped as he never did before. He reached his burrow in safety, but it was many, many days before he forgot his first adventure.

"I Promised My Mother I Wouldn't."

BY M. E. BANDOLPH.

Children, did you ever attend a picnic in the country?

One bright summer's day, on the shore of a quiet lake called "Lake Crystal"—the pupils, teachers and friends of the schools had met for this purpose.

A lovely picture they made, the ladies and misses with their broad-brimmed hats and neat muslins, the gentlemen and boys in their light gala-day suits.

The birds sang in the tree-tops, whilst the sun peeped through their branches kissing the rosy, happy faces.

There was a swing fastened to high branches of a tall tree,—and such a swing! One had to "hold fast" in their long, swift journey through the air.

Then there were games with tests of skill. There was also a huge stone fireplace, where a bright fire was crackling, and tea and coffee being made.

The chief charm of the place was the tiny-row boats, holding six besides the oarsmen.

Suddenly a scream rang out, with the sobbing exclamation, "no, no, I promised my mother I wouldn't!"

On going to learn the cause of this, the superintendent found a little girl, of perhaps 9 years of age, being forcibly put in one of the boats. She raised her hands, crying "please don't let them put me in the boat! I promised my mother!"

On being questioned, she said she would like to go, but her mother thought it unsafe, and she could not break her promise, others stepped into the boat, but their haste to get off they ran into a snag, and quick as a flash the boat capsized, giving them all a good wetting.

Lunch was a rather subdued affair after this and the huge wagons were soon started homeward, the picnic being brought to a summary close.

The superintendent took the little heroine who had preached so good a sermon in charge, giving her safe to her mother's arms.

He also told her, that in spite of great temptation, her daughter had given a touching illustration of obedience.

1.—WHAT ARE WE?

We belong to a family that lives almost entirely in North America. Our principal peculiarity is a note in our voices that resembles a kitten's mew, though we are gifted with many other musical tones which we make into melody morning and evening. We are slender and graceful in form, with soft, blackish-gray or slate-colored plumage, except a little reddish hue under our wings. Our food consists principally of insects, fruits and berries. And how we do hate cats and snakes! But we love our children dearly, and often take care of the children of others. People call us very impudent because we resent aggression; and they persecute us, notwithstanding we do them a service by exterminating grubs, worms and insects.

2.—SQUARE WORD.

1. A city of Nebraska. 2. A coin with a device. 3. An old saying. 4. A scripture proper name. 5. Nimble. SID.

3.—HISTORICAL PUZZLE.

[Put real names in place of words in Italics.]

When Uncle Joe came home from the Centennial, he said: "I saw the *Rock of Chickamauga* talking to *the Path Finder* about *the man to whom the stamp stamp is a monument*, and commenting upon his wise sayings. As *the general that didn't know when he was beaten* was looking at *the machine that saved so much grain labor*, *Little Phil* came up, and after shaking hands, said: 'Do you remember *the battle whose pen was the straw* as *Dust of the battle of Cambria*?' That was one of the bloodiest battles of the civil war. I lost friends in that and nearly every other battle, even *the last*.' Just then *the Teacher-President* drew near, and I was pushed away by the crowd." SID.

4.—HIDDEN NAMES OF BOYS.

1—The cow lot is at the barn.
2—The money of redemption was paid.
3—He had an idol, I verily believe.
4—After the war renew the pledge.
5—In March I eat eggs. LOUISE.

5.—FLOWER ENIGMA.

1—A "vehicle" and a "people."
2—A "title" and "an article of dress."
3—A "wild animal" and a "girl's name."
4—A "quadruped" and an "article of dress."
5—"Pertaining to a metal" and a "measure of length."
6—A "passion" and "in a fine rain."
7—An "expression used by teamsters" and a "spine."
8—A "songster" and "part of a domestic fowl."
9—A "domestic animal," "part of the body," and a "girl's name."
10—"Precise" and a "girl's name." SID.

6.—CONUNDRUM

What is wetter than a woman with waves in her hair, a waterfall on the back of head, springs in her bustle, a cataract on her eye, and high-tied (tide) shoes?

7.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 3, 8, 21, 9, 10, is the name of a person who was badly treated.
My 2, 3, 4, 5, is a number.
My 12, 13, 22, 26, is one of the points of the compass.
My 4, 24, 21, 11, 23, is a repast.
My 18, 19, 16, 26, is much used by machinists.
My 9, 10, 21, 17, is an article of food.
My 15, 1, 3, 23, is an article of wearing apparel.
My 25, 1, 20, 7, is an ancient city.
My 14, 15, 22 10, is what all should strive to be.
My 9, 24, 26, 23, is the name of a U. S. senator.
My whole is the motto of one of the standing armies of the United States.

8.—CHARADE.

My *first* and *next* form interjection,
No matter how you place them.
First, second, fourth will show a verb
Auxiliary or primal.
My all reveals such wisdom, skill,
As naturalists with wonder fill.
And though they in the world abound,
With human-kind alone are found.
It is sign-manual unfurled,
That mind gives empire o'er the world!
Its kingly owner heav'nward looks,
Nor less than super-human brooks!

REV. W. S. HENNESY.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

1. The Turtle.
2.
P O S E R
O C H R E
S H I R E
E R R E D
R E E D S

3. Henry M. Stanley.
4. Pearl, Diamond, Sapphire, Agate, Topaz, Ophal, Cornelian, Garnet, Ruby, Amethyst,
5. J-unior.
A-nother.
M-anager.
E-nergy.
S-windle.
G-ranite.
B-onds.
I-aws.
A-ssignments.
I-mpress.
N-oel
E-arnest.
6.—1. His foot. 2. Because the cattle can't eat it.
7. Rock-rolling-chair.
8. Natural Gas.

Prize Winners.

The winners of the prizes offered for the best guessing of the "Wonder Column" are as follows:

Minnie Stevens, Eureka, Kansas; Arthur Forbes, Anselmo, Custer county, Nebraska.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Agnes Cross, Stella Bayes, Effie Randall, Nellie Bostock, Clara Scofield, Mamie Smith, Millie Daft, Florence Lyneberger, Flo Reynolds, A. H. Slade, Harry Stevens, James Van Riper, H. Bugge, William Jackson, "Sid."

GOOD GUESSERS.

Minnie Sheldon, Julia B. Hall, Stella Kremer, Mabel Shenitt, Sarah Keyes, Maggie Hughes, E. P. Williams, Leona Shepherd, Mary McLurely, Ella and Dot Rowe, W. J. Seeley, Joseph Dann, Joseph Herron, Chauncey Anderson, John Allison, Frank Benson, Rodney Clark, Arthur Arceson, E. E. Brilles, Henry Keevil.

The next prizes will be given for the best guessing in January, the names of the books to be mentioned hereafter. Let our young friends work faithfully, remembering the old coupler,

"If at first you

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Red Water in Cow.

J. T. R., Oregon: The disease from which your cow is suffering is known by the above and other names. In it the kidneys show no inflammation. The urine is of reddish, chocolate or black color. There is yet uncertainty as to the real nature of the disease. There is a general degeneration of the system as the disease advances. One cause of the disease is scanty or unwholesome food. It is more frequent in inclement weather than at any other time. Black water is said, by some, conversant with the disease, to appear more frequent in winter than summer. The animal should be put on the best of fresh tree from model. Give castor oil 2 ozs., linseed oil 1 pint, at a dose, and repeat twice. Give also, chlorate of potash ½ oz. tincture of chloride of iron, ½ oz. Mix in a pint of thin gruel for a dose, and repeat twice a day for four days. The cow should have the best of care.

Three Naked Places on a Horse.

J. L., Illinois: The bald patches the size of a silver dollar, on your horse, that are dry and scaly, are caused by contagious ringworm. It attacks and destroys the hair, leaving patches of a circular form, covered with white, bran-like scales. To treat, wash the patches well with softsoap or weak lye, and apply this: Iodine, ½ drachm; iodide of potash, 1 drachm; cosmoline, 1 oz. Rub some of this well in, in the evening; wash off with warm water and soap in the morning, and after drying the parts well, reapply. The collars and hames should be washed with warm water and soap, and afterward brushed over with corrosive sublimate solution—one drachm to a pint of water. The blankets should be boiled and the stall well cleaned and whitewashed.

Spavin in Colt.

D. K., Minnesota: Your colt has, we think, bone spavin. This is transmitted from sires and dams to colts. Treatment of a colt is the same as that of a grown animal, as to remedy, with modification in quantity. Foment the parts with warm water until the inflammation is out, then take half a drachm of biniodide of mercury, and mix it thoroughly with an ounce of lard. Rub a little of this on the affected part, and after washing off once a day with warm water and soap, reapply for five days. It must be used so as to act as a sweating blister, if much pain is indicated omit the rubbing with the ointment for a day or two, and then apply again.

Calf Weak in Legs.

D. T. R., West Virginia: As your seven months' old calf was on the road four days before it reached you, it is no doubt weak from the tax upon its system while on the way in car or wagon. It may also have been chilled by change of temperature, and has sore muscles. If it will, in the opinion of the editor, with good care, healthy food and comfortable standing, come out all right. As a strengthening dose, you might stir two eggs and a drachm of the essence of ginger in a half pint of sweet milk, and give the calf that much, once a day for four or five days.

CORRESPONDENCE.

What Was Raised on Twenty-Five Acres.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—A correspondent in the Pittsburg *Times* of October 18 gives the following detailed account of what was raised on 25 acres in Allegheny county, Pa., six miles from Pittsburg, between April 15 and September 15, and prices obtained at a stand in the market of that city. The two young men who did the work and marketed the produce are Messrs. Roual and Nathaniel Davidson, and are willing to make an affidavit to the truth of the statements given herewith:

1,000 bu. melons at $1.50 per bu.	$1,650 50
300 " cucumbers at $1.50 per bu.	450 00
400 " corn (sweet) at $1.25 per bu.	500 50
150 " pumpkins at $1.00 per bu.	150 00
3,000 doz. onions at $.20 per doz.	600 00
600 or 6,000 heads cabbage at $.50 per doz.	250 00
70 sash of radishes at $1.50 per sash	105 00
100 bu. egg plants at $1.50 per bu.	150 00
1,200 doz. rhubarb at $.20 per doz.	240 00
25 bu. apples at $1.50 per bu.	37 50
10 cherries at $2.00 per bu.	20 00
75 " peppers at $1.00 per bu.	75 00
$100 worth cabbage in addition to the above	100 00
Total	$4,425 50
Expenses—Outside of their own labor	
it cost them for help and hoarding the same	$175 00
Their horse feed cost (raised on the place)	50 00
Paid for rent of stand in the market	50 00
Freight on 2,500 bushels at 9 cents per bushel	212 13
Total	$487 13
Profit cleared in 5 months	$3,962 37

Such prices can only be obtained where there is plenty of work and high wages in workshops and mills. Wherever manufacturing or building industries spring up, bringing with it a population of brawny workers who must buy the product of the farm, the farmer obtains better prices, the value of farming lands improves and general prosperity to the surrounding country is the result. What better demonstration of the benefits to all of a protective tariff?

As shown by the above prices obtained in the Pittsburg market, where the protected industries, such as iron, steel, glass, are more highly developed, the farmer gets the larger proportion of the money paid to the workers, and the highest prices for his product.—A WORKINGMAN, Tuscarawas Co., Ohio.

Raisin Culture in California.

A subscriber, writing from Tulare, California, to THE BLADE FARMSTEAD, says he can vouch for the truthfulness of the following statement, being in the raisin business himself:

COST OF A TEN-ACRE VINEYARD.

Ten acres of land at $100		$1,000 00
8850 grape roots at $6 per acre	60 00	
Plowing and harrowing at $3	30 00	
Laying out land and planting	50 00	
Cultivation for season	50 00	
Water for irrigation	5 00	
Cost first year, including land		$1,175 00
Pruning at $3 per acre	30 00	
Plowing and harrowing three times	50 00	
Water for irrigation	5 00	
Cost second year		85 00
Pruning at $5 per acre	50 00	
Cultivation three times	50 00	
Water for irrigation	5 00	
Cost third year		105 00
Pruning at $5 per acre	50 00	
Cultivating three times	50 00	
Water for irrigation	5 00	
Cost fourth year		115 00
Pruning at $8 per acre	80 00	
Cultivation three times	50 00	
Water for irrigation	5 00	
Cost fifth year		135 00
Total cost for six-year old vineyard of 10 acres		$1,615 00
INCOME.		
Second year, 250 boxes at $1.75 per box		$012 50
Third year, 750 boxes at $1.75 per box		1,260 00
Fourth year, 2,000 boxes at $1.75 per box		3,500 00
Fifth year, 2,500 boxes at $1.75 per box		4,200 00
Sixth year, 2,600 boxes at $1.75 per box		4,500 00
Total income for six years		$14,172 50
Cost for six years		1,615 00
Net profits		$12,507 50

The above facts ought to settle the question of making money from raisin growing. Ten or twenty acres of vineyard will give a family a better living than any half section of land in the Eastern states.

Worms in Cellar Joists.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—In answer to the question how to prevent worms from working in cellar joists, round logs flattened on top for the floor, my method is this: Saturate the timber with brine of beef or pork, or strong salt. Do this before the timbers are placed in the building. I treated my barn timber as above described four years ago, and to day no sign of worm dust can be seen. The timber is hickory. After the worms are at work in the timber, give them a dose of coal oil, and that will everlastingly settle them.—ISRAEL COSS, Missouri.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Cabbage Aphis.

Although the cabbage aphis or plant louse has been known both in Europe and America for more than a century, the sexual generation has never heretofore been found, and entomologists did not know where or when the eggs were laid, and how the insect passed the winter. Recent investigations, however, carried on at the Ohio Experiment Station by Prof. C. M. Weed, has shown conclusively that the sexual generation develops late in autumn on the cabbage, and that the eggs are laid on the cabbage leaves. The true male is a small winged creature, with a more slender body than the other winged forms. The egg laying female has no wings, and is pale green in color. The discovery of the fact that the insect passes the winter in the egg state on the cabbage leaves has an important economic bearing. It suggests as one of the best ways of preventing the injuries of this pest, the destruction during winter of the old cabbage leaves with the eggs upon them, instead of leaving them undisturbed until spring, as is now quite commonly done.

Pot Happy Bee Man.

The following words by Eugene Secor, set to music by Dr. C. C. Miller, were one of the features of the late meeting of the North American Bee Keepers' society, at Keokuk, Iowa:

O I ish vone of dose happy bee mans,
I don't got to vork any more;
I loaf all day on der apple tree shade,
Or schmokes mine pipe on der door.
For I haf bought eed vone leadle bee box,
Vhist shanged enamal hair of dose pets
Vot vorks all der day and neler schleep nights,
More'n ten tousand hundert theirs.

CHORUS.

O de busy, busy bee, O de busy, busy bee,
What sings all around, about mine head,
Busy bee, de busy bee,
What sings all round mine head, around mine head.

O de busy, busy bee, O de busy, busy bee,
What nefer stops vork ven I'm in bed,
O de busy, busy bee, O de busy, busy bee,
What nefer stops vork ven I'm in bed,
De busy bee, de busy bee,
What vorks ven I'm in bed.

I schmokes mine pipe und I vatches dose bees,
Und I laughs till mine schtomack goes schplit,
Ven I see dem go schtrait for Hans Brinkerhoft's flowers.
Und nefer suck Yakob's vone bit.
You see dot king bee hef awful schmart got,
Und him say to his vimens, "Coome, coome,
You schteins all you can from der peoples round out,
Und pring it to Yakob right home."

O Katrina, mine lofe, see dat gold on der legs,
Dem prings a half pound efery day;
Ve schtarts in Pank quick ven dose bees get some svarms,
Und prings in der vealth in dot vay.
Mine frau her shall haf vone new gingham dress,
Der childers don't got to home schtay
Und vork like some schlaves der kraut garden in,
But lish and play ball all der day.

Ve moves on der town und lives like pig pigs,
"In der clover field," so Yankees say;
I'll vash mine feet from der dirt of der plow,
Und gifes der Union right away.
I runs for der may or or congressman, too,
Or president, may be, I guess;
Und all zhust because of dose bees in der box,
Vot vorks for most notings or less.

Enemies of the Grain Aphis.

Prof. H. Garman, entomologist and botanist of the Kentucky Agricultural Experiment station, in a paper on the grain louse (Siphonophora avenæ.) has the following to say about its natural enemies:

The helplessness of plant lice makes them the prey of many predaceous and parasitic insects. A visit to infested wheat fields in June showed great numbers of these present among the lice. Undoubtedly the injury to grain was very much lessened by the work of these friends of ours, yet as we have shown, lice still exist in the fields, and they are liable again to assume destructive numbers.

Chief among the enemies of the grain louse are certain small, dark-colored, four-winged flies, which belong to the same order as the common honey bee. These little flies deposit their eggs in the bodies of the plant lice, placing a single egg in each louse, and from the eggs come small grubs which live in the interior of their host, finally emerging after its death as egg-laying flies. Grain lice infested with these grubs become swollen, assume a brown color, and by some means are fastened to the plants, where they remain as empty skins after the parasite emerges.

Small two-winged flies about five-sixteenths of an inch long, with brassy brown thorax, with the abdomen striped crosswise with black and yellow, also do good service in destroying the lice. They scatter their eggs among the colonies, and from these hatch greenish larvæ, which destroy the lice by seizing them and sucking their juices.

The lady bugs in both larval and adult stages devour the lice bodily. Several species of these beetles were common in the fields, but the most conspicuous from size and abundance, was the nine-spotted bug (*Coccinella nine-notata*). It may be recognized by the arrangement of the nine black spots on the brown wing covers—four on each side, the ninth just behind the thorax and overlying the middle line. It is very nearly a half sphere in shape. The other species are like this in general shape, but differ in details of color and markings.

A small list of other insects which do more or less good in destroying the aphides could be given, but this will suffice to give an idea of the more abundant and useful of our insect friends.

Birds have been thought to destroy the lice, but I have seen no evidence of their doing so. Most birds depends on larger insects, and it is only occasionally that the small species, such as warblers, eat plant lice of any kind. Excepting the Maryland yellow throat, birds of this family rarely occur in our grain fields, so that we can hope for nothing from their help. The English sparrow, with its clumsy bills and grain-eating propensity, certainly does no good in this direction.

Fighting Insects.

Prof. A. J. Cook says: "Most orchardists, either through ignorance or neglect, will not fight the insects, so the fruit will be scarce and the price high. Thus, our best plum growers say that the curculio advances the price of plums far in excess of the expense of so fighting him as to secure a crop of finest fruit.

"Its habit of falling to the ground, and its general timidity, suggest a method of combatting the curculio. Thus it is often found that by keeping a large stock of poultry among the trees, or even many hogs or sheep, a full crop of fruit can be secured each year. In this case the insects are eaten up, trodden on or frightened away. I know of farmers who have in this way secured full crops of plums with almost no exception, while neighbors have obtained no plums at all. Often a tree close by a door or path bears heavily each year, while others not thus situated suffer severely. Here the insects are probably frightened away."

Sign of a Good Cow.

Gov. Hoard says the best sign of a good cow is that she is so built that when in milk a portion of her under can be seen behind her legs, as a side view is taken. The more there is to be seen the better; and if at the same time the udder comes forward so as to cover a goodly portion of the belly, she then can be, and quite likely will be, a copious milker. But before a very big price is paid for her, the *quality* of her milk should be tested and if the buyer is particular, she should be of the breed he is most interested in.

SYRUP OF FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Sunday School.

Fourth Quarterly Review.

LESSON XIII., SUNDAY, DEC. 28, 1890.

Titles and Golden Texts.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER:—Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered.—Heb. 5:8.

I. PARABLE OF THE VINEYARD.

He is despised and rejected of men.—Isa. 53:3.

II. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.—1 Cor. 11:26.

III. THE SPIRIT OF TRUE SERVICE.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.—Phil. 2:5.

IV. JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.—Isa. 53:3.

V. JESUS ACCUSED.

He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities.—Isa. 53:5.

VI. JESUS BEFORE PILATE AND HEROD.

Then said Pilate to the chief priests and to the people, I find no fault in this man.—Luke 23:4.

VII. JESUS CONDEMNED.

For the transgression of my people was he stricken.—Isa. 53:8.

VIII. JESUS CRUCIFIED.

The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.—Isa. 53:6.

IX. JESUS RISEN.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. 15:20.

X. THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?—Luke 24:26.

XI. JESUS MADE KNOWN.

And their eyes were opened, and they knew him.—Luke 24:31.

XII. JESUS'S PARTING WORDS.

If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself.—John 14:3.

REVIEW HINTS FOR THE PRIMARY TEACHER.

No doubt, many primary teachers will deem it best for the last lesson of the year to be an annual review, or a Christmas exercise upon the life of Christ.

A review upon the life of Christ might be divided into three parts, and thus arranged as the lesson is taught:

The Child Christ.
The Man Jesus Christ.
The Suffering Jesus Christ the Saviour.

The first division may relate to the story of his birth and incidents of early life, which, no doubt, the children will eagerly give in answer to questions. For objects or pictures, you can use a star, picture of shepherds with their flocks, or of the wise men and their treasures. This may also include the lost boy in the temple, and the sorrowing father and mother of the child Jesus, who "increased in wisdon and stature, and in favor with God and man."

If you have used lesson pictures during the year, select the most striking and helpful ones, and you can not fail in having a review given by the children, the teacher only guiding them by suitable questions.

The Man Jesus Christ.—Find what the children remember of Jesus' busy life, every day going about doing good. You can recall his parables and miracles by such pictures or objects as were used in teaching—birds, lilies, fishes, bread, clusters of grapes, sheep and lambs. Mention or reference to these would suggest events in his life of constant teaching and preaching. If the children are familiar with a map, such as you may have made in the year, with only such places as were prominent in the lessons, you can have a useful review by asking some to come and point to certain places, asking: What did Jesus do in Capernaum? What on the sea of Galilee? How was he treated at Nazareth? What wonderful work at Nain? What at Bethany? Thus you can get answers as to what Jesus did. In a similar way recall what Jesus said. What did he talk about in teaching how to trust? What did he tell of lost of money? Of a lost sheep? Of a lost son? For what did he say there is joy in heaven? How did he teach us to pray? What did he do for little children? How did he teach true humility and service for others? What words were spoken out of the cloud, and who was well pleased with him.

The Suffering Jesus Christ the Saviour.—Have a few correct pictures to draw the scourge, a cluster of thorns or a thorny crown, and the cross. Probably in this division more of the class will be familiar with events recently taught. Recall the entrance into Jerusalem, scenes in the upper room, in the betrayal, the denial. Where was Jesus led after he was seized in the garden? What company of men held a meeting as soon as it was day? What governor was his judge? To what king was he sent? How did he and his soldiers treat Jesus? Why was some prisoner always set free at the time of the passover? For what crime was Barabbas in prison? Was Barabbas punished? Why not?

Did Pilate believe Jesus was guilty? What did he say about that three times over? Who tried to keep Pilate from the sin of sentencing Jesus to death? What did Pilate tell the people he would do, and let Jesus go free? Were the priests and people willing? What did they say? How was Jesus mocked? What was put upon his head? What sentence did Pilate give? It was what the people and the priests yet more loudly cried out should be done to Jesus. Jesus had suffered agony of soul in the garden, been neglected by friends, betrayed by one disciple, denied by another, forsaken by all, insulted by enemies, even before his blood was shed by the thorns and the scourging. For what does a golden text say he was wounded? For what was he stricken? At what hour on Friday morning was he led out of the city. What was laid upon his weary, stricken shoulders?

Why was he willing to bear that heavy cross? What did a prophet say, 700 years before, the Lord laid upon him? Where was he crucified? Who hung beside him? Who prayed to him on the cross? Did Jesus hear, and how did he answer? For whom did Jesus pray as the nails were driven in his hands? How was he mocked when they said, "If thou be the Christ?" Was it indeed Christ, the son of God? We have studied all the year about the life of

Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the World.—We know him as our example, a pattern child, a man without sin, one in whom the Father was well pleased. We know, from the works he did, that he was willing and able to save; that he can cure the sin-sick and dead soul as he cured the sick who were brought to him, or for whom any one asked help and mercy. We know that he has comfort and peace for the sorrowing, and that he can wake and warm the soul that is dead in sin, and make it live and love him, as surely as he awoke the sleeping young daughter, the widow's only son, and the beloved brother at Bethany. After his life of love, we see him.

Dying to save.—As he hung upon the cross, when did darkness come upon the earth? What were some of the words he spoke from the cross? What did the centurion say of him? Who took his body? Where was it laid? Was the tomb well guarded? Why? Who went to the tomb early on Sunday morning? Who said "He is not here: He is risen?" How many times was he seen on earth that Sabbath day?

Why was Jesus willing to be a dying Saviour? Do you take him to be your example? your teacher? your Saviour? Then indeed he is to you a living saviour, watching you every day, loving you more tenderly than father or mother, listening to your prayers, helping you with his grace, and will be to you every day and hour a living, ever present Saviour.—[Faith Latimer in Sunday School Times.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—The past week has been notable for large shipments of gold from Europe to the United States, for the disbursement of many millions on account of bond purchases by the treasury, and without any unfavorable event of influence occurring here, so that the situation is materially improved. There is a tightness of money in the country, however, which is only to be explained on the theory that a good many people are hoarding it instead of putting it into circulation.

In New York, the financial outlook is considered good, except with regard to the possibilities of silver legislation by Congress. The New York *Financial Chronicle*, one of the most able journals of the country in its particular line, thinks "the future would look hopeful," were it not for the rumors of possible legislation by Congress. It says:

It is discouraging to see grave senators under the stimulus of right money, men who have proved a dependence in the past, presenting the crudest kind of legal-tender measures and silver-coinage schemes. That is, at a moment when the country is having a practical illustration, by the millions of gold shipped this week from Europe, of the vital importance of possessing a currency in touch with the world's currency, these leaders of the public, just because of a temporary pressure, are doing what they can to endanger that union.

Indeed it has been told on our streets within a day or two, by a person just returned from Washington, and prominent in financial circles here (claiming to have inside information too), that a free silver coinage measure is sure to pass both houses of Congress as soon as it can be got before them, and that if passed it will be signed by the President. The rumor so far as it refers to the President is not generally believed, but it serves to startle the community by its very boldness.

The amount of gold exported from Europe for this country during the past week foots up something like $8,000,000, which will all reach New York this week. The purchases of bonds by the Treasury run up to over $8,000,000, and 2,370,714 ounces of silver were purchased by the government. Hence there were over ten millions of money put into circulation by the Treasury in that time. Money on call was very close at the beginning of the week in New York, but the rates declined rapidly, and the average rate for the week on call loans was 6 per cent. Time money was practically unobtainable, though 8 per cent was bid.

In London, the rates for money hardened during the week, and on Friday the cable quoted 60 to 90 day bank bills in the open market at 4¾ per cent, against 3¾ per cent the previous Friday. Earlier in the week the rate was still higher, influenced by the heavy withdrawals of gold from London for shipment to the United States. The cable reports the open market rate at Paris 3 per cent, and at Berlin and Frankfort the rate is 5¼ per cent.

TRADE.—The volume of trade throughout the country shows considerable restriction within the past week, due partly to the season of the year, and partly to the fact that the prolonged stringency in the eastern money markets is beginning to have an effect elsewhere, and at points where no scarcity of funds had previously been noted money is now quoted close and discount rates in some cases have advanced from 1 to 2 per cent. Mercantile collections are reported slow more frequently than otherwise.

The number of business failures for the week ending Saturday shows another ominous increase. *Bradstreet's* reports 341 in the United States last week, against 321 the previous week and 370 for the same week last year. The total number of failures in the United States, January 1 to date is 9,842, against 11,023 in a like portion of 1889.

STOCKS.—The stock market seems to have recovered from the depression of prices of a week ago, but speculation is narrow, and the market is in a waiting attitude, pending the developments as to railway rates, and possible legislation on finance.

SILVER.—Quotations last week were irregular, the London price declining in the beginning of the week from 48d. to 47½d., and then returning to the higher level. Speculation in silver bullion certificates was also more active and higher at the end of the week. It is also to be noted that the improvement in the London money market has a corresponding influence on India exchange, and that the approach of January brings with it the expectation of the usual heavy shipments of silver to the East. The prices a week apart were:

	Dec. 6.	Dec. 12.
Bullion, London	48d.	48¼d.
Bullion, New York	$1.03¾	$1.05¼
Bullion certificates	$1.04⅛@1.04¾	$1.05⅝@1.06¼

HIGHER RATES.

The Eastern Railroads to Join With the Western Ones.

The New York *Journal of Finance* in its issue of December 16 says: "The western railroads are not monopolizing the movement toward better conditions. The Vanderbilts and the Pennsylvania have entered into a new alliance. It is more comprehensive and more binding than any agreement ever contemplated between any American railway companies.

Not only the Pennsylvania and the Vanderbilts are in the great new departure, but every eastern trunk line is to share in the benefits of it. Here is an official copy of the resolutions which have been adopted by the boards of directors of the railway companies interested:

"WHEREAS, It is for the best interest of this company, as well as for the public benefit that general harmony shall be maintained by and between the New York Central and the Hudson River railroad company, the Pennsylvania railroad company, the Pennsylvania company, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railway company, the Michigan Central railroad company, and the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Railway company, for which object it is proposed to create an advisory council (consisting of the president and one director of each of said companies), with power to decide all questions of common interest, to avoid all unfair rivalry, and to establish uniformity of rates between competitting points.'

"Such decision of such advisory council when made by the affirmative vote of the representatives of five of said companies, and the rates and policy thereby established, to continue until altered by a similar vote at a meeting of such council, unless thirty days shall have elapsed without a meeting after a request therefor shall have been made in writing by any one of such companies; now, therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, That under existing conditions, it is expedient for this company to set in operation the policy and plan indicated in the foregoing preamble.

"*Resolved*, That the president and one of the directors of this company be, and they are hereby appointed to be, the representatives of this company in such advisory council, with full power to act for this company in carrying the foregoing preamble and resolution into full effect; this company reserving the right to withdraw from this arrangement upon resolution of its board of directors, and after 90 days' notice in writing shall have been given to every other company.'

"The announcement of this agreement was made by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, at the railway conference held yesterday at his home, and it was received with acclamation."

Mr. Gould expresses himself as very well satisfied with what was accomplished at the meeting of railway presidents yesterday. He is confident that the plan adopted will be entirely successful and will result in great advantages to the railways and the public.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Wednesday, Dec. 17, 1890.

The following shows changes in Government bonds during the past week:

	Dec. 16.	Dec. 9.
4's, coupons	121	122
4's, registered	122	121
Pac. 6's of '95	109	109

Weekly Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, increase	$ 3,609,725
Loans, decrease	201,600
Specie, increase	2,501,800
Legal tenders, increase	490,500
Deposits, decrease	177,700
Circulation, increase	19,200

The banks now hold $565,075 in excess of the requirements of the 25 per cent rule.

Range of New York stocks to-day, as received by Cronenberg, Chapman & King, Law building:

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closed
Atch	30¾	30¾	29	29
A. C. O	....	....	....	....
Can. Sou	49¾	49¾	49	49
C. C. C	58½	58¼	57¼	57¾
C., B. & Q	84¾	85⅛	82⅞	83½
C. Gas L	36½	36½	35⅞	36
Del., Hud	132¾	132¾	131¾	132¾
Del. Lack	127¾	127¾	126⅞	127
Erie	18⅛	18⅛	18⅛	18⅛
Hock. Val	23⅜	23⅜	22⅞	23¼
J. C	94½	94½	87½	87½
Lead. Tr	15⅞	15⅞	15⅞	15⅞
Lake Shore	106	106	105	105¾
Lou. & Nash	73¾	73¾	71⅝	71⅞
L. N. A	90¾	90¾	90	90
Mo. Pac	62¾	62¾	59¾	60⅛
N. Y. C	98⅜	98⅜	97⅛	97⅜
N. P. pf'd	62⅜	62⅜	61⅜	61½
N. W	103¾	103¾	102⅜	103¾
N. Y. C	98⅝	98⅝	97¾	98¼
N. A	11¾	11¾	11¾	11¾
P. M	31¾	31¾	30⅜	30½
Pullman	180½	181	180	180
R. T	16⅞	16⅞	15⅞	15⅞
R. I	72	72	70	70⅞
Silver	109	109	107½	107½
Sugar	54	54	53⅜	53
St. Paul	51⅞	51⅞	49⅞	50¾
T. C. I	50	50	49⅜	49⅜
U. Pac	144	144	139	14
U. Pac	46¾	46¾	43¾	44
Wabash	9⅝	9⅝	9¼	9¼
Wab. pfd	17¾	17¾	17¾	17¾
W. U	76¾	76¾	76	76⅞

3 p. m.—Money closed easy at 3 per cent. Bar silver 108. The stock market remained quiet in the last hour with slight fluctuations and no marked tendency in either direction though a firmer tone prevailed. The dealings were devoid of feature, and the close was dull and stagnant at about the lowest prices of the day.

Trade.

The general trade of the country, considering the fact that there has been quite a number of failures, has been fairly good the past week. The holiday trade has been good.

The Stock of Grain and Prices on the Market.

The markets opened ⅛c lower at Toledo and Chicago this morning, ⅛c off at New York, and ⅝c lower at St. Louis. As trade proceeded at the regular session there was weakness manifested.

At Toledo No. 2 soft red wheat brought 97c.

December wheat, 97c; May wheat, 101¾c, rose to 102¼c, and closed at 101⅝c.

Corn dull; No. 2, cash and December, 52c; May, No. 2, 53c; No. 3, 51c; No. 4, 48c.

Oats neglected.

Clover seed active; prime cash, $4.10; December, $4.15; No. 2, prime, February seed, $4.25; March sold early at $4.35.

Prices of December and May wheat today:

Dec.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	....	....	....	97 n
Chicago	97¾	98¼	97¼	97¾
New York	103¾	103¾	103¼	103¾n 90 b
St. Louis	94	95	94	
May.				
Toledo	101¾	102¾	101¾	101¾
Chicago	100¾	101	99¾	99⅞
New York	103¾	104¾	103¾	103¾
St. Louis	100	100	99¾	99¾

The Produce Market.

BUTTER—Best 24c; fair grades 18@20c.

EGGS—Steady; cold storage, 22c; fresh, 25.

FRESH MEATS—Beef, 4½@6½c; veal, 5@6; mutton, 5@6c; dressed hogs, $5.25@5.50.

HIDES—Cured steers, 6@7½c; cured light, 4½@5½c; heavy steers, green, 5c; light, 5½c; No. 2, 2½@3c; grubby, 3c; calf, cured, 5½c; green, 7c; kip, green, 6c; cured, 6½c.

POULTRY—Chickens, young, 9c; old, 8c; turkeys, 11c dressed; ducks and geese same as chickens.

BEANS—$1.75@2.25 per bushel.

POTATOES—90c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Heavy mess pork, $12.50; short mess $13.50; clear mess, $13.00; short clear mess, $13.50. Hams—Sugar cured, 1s lbs. and over, 14½c; 15 lbs. average, 14c; 12 lbs. and under, 14½c; shoulders, 7c; breakfast bacon, clear, 9c; breakfast bacon, 8½c; smoked beef, 10c. Lard—Kettle rendered, tierces, 7c; barrels, 7c; half barrels, 7½c; market firm; refined lard, tierces, 6¾c; 50 lb tins, 7c; clear bacon sides, 8c; bologna sausages, 6c.

General Prices.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 16.—Wheat quiet; No. 2 spring on track cash, 87@88c; May, 93c; No. 1 Northern, 10c. Corn quiet; No. 3 on track, 48½c. Oats dull; No. 2 white on track, 43@44.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 16.—Flour steady. Wheat firm at 81. Corn weak, at 51½c. Oats quiet at 36@36½c. Rye dull at 75c. Provisions steady. Whisky firm; sales, 1,016 bbls.

DETROIT, Dec. 16.—Wheat, No. 1 white cash 98¾c; No. 2 red cash, 98¼c asked; December, 98¼c asked; May, 102c. Corn—No. 2 cash, 45c; No. 2 white, 45½c bid.

BUFFALO, Dec. 16.—Wheat—No. 1 hard dull at 103½c; No. 1 Northern, 103½c; No. 2 red, 103c. Corn—No. 2, 58½c. Receipts—Corn 18,000 bushels. Shipments—Wheat, 36,000 bushels; corn, 25,000 bushels.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 16.—Wheat—Lower; cash, higher at 95¼@95½c; May, 99½c; July, 88¾c. Corn—lower; cash, 40¾c; options, lower; May, 39¾c; July, 38¾c. Oats, lower, cash, 42¾c; options higher; May, 44¾c bid. Pork quic; old, $8 75; new, $10. Lard firm at $5.50@5.55. Whisky steady at $1.14.

CHICAGO, Dec. 16.—1:15 p. m. The closing prices on the Board of Trade, as quoted by the *Daily Trade Bulletin* are as follows: Wheat easy; cash, 91¼@91⅝c; January, 92¼c; May, 99¾@99⅝c. Corn firm; cash, 51c; December, 52c; January, 51c; May, 48c. Oats firm; cash, 41c; December, 34½c; January, 34½c; May, 41¾@42c. Pork steady; cash and December, $8 25; January, $10 80; May, $11 27½. Lard steady; cash old, $5 80; December, $5 80; new, $5 70; January, $5 42½; May, $5 67½. Short ribs steady, cash, $4 95; December, $5 45; January, $5 07½@5 07½; May, $5 67½@5 70. Rye easy at 67½c. Barley quiet at 68c. Flax seed steady at $1 20. Timothy easy at $1 20. Butter steady; eggs firm. Whisky $1 14.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16.—Wheat—Receipts, 82,800 bu; sales, 416,000 bu.; market early advanced, but became depressed and sold down 1½@1¾c; May, 103@103⅝c; July, 99¾@100c; August, 96¾c. Corn—Receipts, 42,500 bu; sales, 230,000 bu; market firm, 1@2c up, and quiet; No. 2, 63¼@65; steamer mixed, 63c. Oats—Receipts, 80,000 bu; sales, 70,000 bu; market dull, lower and weak; western, 47@57c. Beef quiet, steady; plate, $7 50@8 50; do family, $9 50@11 00. Pork—dull and steady; new mess, $10 00@12 00; extra prime, $9 50@10 00. Lard—Quiet and steady; steam rendered, 5.90. Butter—Receipts, 7,248 packages; market quiet, unchanged; western dairy, 11@21c; western creamery, 21@29½c; Elgins, 30c; imitation creamery, 18@26c. Eggs—Receipts, 8,800 packages; market dull and weak; western, 25½@26c. Sugar raw, dull and easy; fair refining, 4¾c; centrifugal, 93 test, 5¼c; refined, dull and weak; crushed, 6¼c; powdered, 6¼c; granulated, 6c. Spirits of turpentine, quiet and weak at 37¾@38¼c. Molasses dull and steady; New Orleans, common to fancy, 33@40c. Tallow quiet and weak; city ($2 for packages), 4 17-32@4½c. Coffee—A stronger market prevailed in Rio contracts, more or less influenced with July up 25 points; nearer deliveries ranged at 5@10 points advance; the rise was following Havre. Rio receipts, 4,000 bags, and Santos, 11,000 bags. Rio on spot, quiet and firm; No. 7, 17½c.

Live Stock.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 16.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,500; the market is stronger. Hogs—Receipts, 5,000 head; market is slow; fair to choice heavy, $3 40@3 50; mixed, $3 10@3 40; Yorkers, $3 10@3 25. Sheep—Receipts 700 head; market strong.

BUFFALO, Dec. 16.—Cattle—Dull, heavy; receipts 80 loads through, 8 sale. Sheep and lambs—Easier; receipts, 8 loads through, 20 sale. Hogs—Slow; receipts, 250 loads through, 100 sale; mediums heavy and sale, $3 50@3 55; Yorkers, $3 40@3 45.

CLEVELAND STOCK YARDS, Dec. 16.—Ertick Bros.' report. [Exclusive to THE BLADE.]—Hogs—Receipts, 2,000; market slow with fair demand; fair to best heavy, $3 40@3 60; fair to best light, $3 25@3 30; fair to best pigs, $3 10@3 20; stags and roughs, $2 50@3 00.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 16.—Cattle—Receipts 4,700; shipments, 1,700; market 5@10c higher; steers, $3 50@4 50. Hogs—Receipts, 14,000 head; shipments, none; market 10@15c lower; all grades at $3 10@3 60. Sheep—Receipts, 300 head; shipments, 240; market steady; muttons, $4 15@4 55.

CHICAGO, Dec. 16.—The *Evening Journal* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 6,000, of which 1,500 were Texans. Business active to the extent of the supply with prices

to meet his views of what should be done to permanently better the financial situation.

The result of the discussion was the adoption of a resolution to request the House to set apart a day for consideration and disposition of Chairman Dorsey's bill to reduce to $1,000 the minimum amount of United States bonds which national banks shall be required to keep on deposit and to permit the issue of circulating notes by national banks to the full amount of the par value of bonds deposited.

This would, it was said, increase the amount of money in circulation almost immediately by $18,000,000, and would result in a freer issue of national bank notes by making the loss on circulation insignificant, or perhaps nothing at all.

When the bill comes up in the House, Chairman Dorsey, in behalf of the committee, will move an amendment to provide for the issue of greenbacks whenever the national bank circulation falls below $185,000,000.

ALL LOOK ALIKE.

The Difficulties Experienced in Keeping Out the Chinese.

Senator Squire, who during the recess of Congress, has been engaged in investigating the immigration question, says it was shown that only five per cent of the Chinese who are remanded by the courts in San Francisco, have been actually returned to China. This is owing in many cases, he thinks, to the failure of the arresting parties to identify the fugitives, as it is quite difficult to tell one Chinaman from another. To remedy the evil of the influx of Chinese over the boundary between Washington and the British possessions the senator believes that a more stringent surveillance should be kept on the line, and better methods adopted to prevent their coming over. For this purpose, he thinks a larger appropriation should be made for the employment of detectives and other government officials to keep closer scrutiny on the border.

A large number of Chinese, the senator says, seek entrance to the United States through the archipelago in Puget Sound as a convenient and comparatively safe way of entrance; and to intercept them successfully he thinks steam launches should be employed by the government officials.

A Complicated Pension Case.

Commissioner Raum, of the pension bureau, submitted to the secretary of the Interior a case involving the question whether a Confederate soldier who afterward served in the Union army, is entitled to draw a pension under act of June 27, 1890; and if he may draw a pension, whether he would be required to establish the fact that the disabilities for which he makes his claim did not originate in connection with the Confederate service. The case was referred to Assistant Secretary Bussey, who in his reply holds that the fact that the claimant served in the Confederate army prior to his enlistment and service in the army of the United States does not impair his pensionable status under the act of June 27, 1890, or any other act. As to the second question, as to origin of disabilities, Gen. Bussey holds that the claimant is entitled to pension under the general law if he can prove that they were incurred in the service and line of duty; and he is entitled to a pension under the act of June 27, 1890, if he can prove service of not less than 90 days, an honorable discharge, and also that his disabilities were not due to his own vicious habits. In effect he rules that the previous service in the Confederate army does not enter into the question of pension. He is on exactly the same footing as all other Union soldiers.

Want the Time Extended.

The following dispatch has been forwarded to Secretary Windom, by the Woolen Goods association, which is interested only in domestic manufactures and represents over $100,000,000 capital:

"The Woolen Goods association, composed of woolen manufacturers and commission merchants representing exclusively the domestic woolen interests of America, desires to earnestly and respectfully recommend the immediate passage by Congress of an act extending the time for withdrawal of goods from bond from February 1 to July 1, 1891."

To Correct an Error.

The resolution offered by Mr. Quay for the amendment of the tariff bill on the subject of cables, cordage and twine is intended to correct a typographic error, consisting of the misplacing of the parenthesis, by which the words "composed in whole or in part of istle or tampico fiber, manilla, sisal grass or sunn," were included in the parenthesis. The effect of the error as asserted by certain customs officers was that the duty on all twines other than binding twine, was fixed at 1½ cents per pound, while the intention was to limit this rate to fibres above specified. A similar bill was introduced in the House.

Another Silver Scheme.

Senator Power, on December 18, introduced a proposed amendment to the bill to reduce the amount of United States bonds to be required of national banks, so as to provide that whenever the notes retired, under exisiting laws of national banks, shall aggregate $1,000,000 it shall be the duty of the secretary of the Treasury to purchase silver bullion to the amount of $1,000,000, and to pay for the same with United States notes to be issued precisely the same as provided for under the act of Congress approved July 12, 1890.

No Rum for Washington.

The House committee on the alcoholic liquor traffic on Dec. 12, agreed to report favorably to the House a bill to prohibit the manufacture and sale of spirituous and intoxicating liquors in the District of Columbia, except for medicinal, mechanical and cientific purposes. The act is to take ffect November 1, 1891. There was but ne vote against the bill, recorded, lthough three or four members of the ommittee were absent.

Sent to the President.

Attorney General Miller, on Dec. 18, returned to the President all the papers in regard to the Columbian World's Fair, with a statement that they make all the legal requirements necessary for the President's proclamation. The President will now investigate the financial sufficiency of the subscriptions, and in case he finds it satisfactory will make public announcement of the exposition.

Congressional Summary.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9.—After considerable business of minor importance had been transacted the elections bill was taken up and discussed at length by the Senate.

In the House, the credentials of T. J. Geary, of California, were presented, and he took the oath of office. A resolution to remove Gen. Grant's remains to Washington was defeated. The following bills for the erection of public buildings were passed with a limitation of cost as stated: Mankato, Minn., $500,000; Meriden, Miss., $50,000; Youngstown, O., $75,000; Camden, Ark., $25,000; Sioux Falls, S. D., $150,000; Stockton, Cal., $75,000; Bedford, Neb., $80,000; Davenport, Ia., $160,000; Rock Island, Ill., $75,000; South Bend, Ind., $75,000; Fargo, N. D., $100,000; Madison, Ind., $50,000; Pueblo, Col., $150,000; Sioux City, Ia., $250,000; Lima, O., $80,000; Portland, Ore., $400,000; Bloomington, Ill., $100,000; Kansas City, Mo., $1,200,000; Racine, Wis., $100,000; Akron, O., $100,000; Rockford, Ill., $1 0,000; Fort Dodge, Ia., $75,000; Sheboygan, Wis., $60,000.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—In the Senate the following bills were introduced and referred: By Mr. Walcott—To provide for coinage at the branch mint at Denver, Col. By Mr. Farwell—To amend the silver act of the last session. By Mr. Hawley—To increase the line of the army and to increase its efficiency.

On motion of Mr. Aldrich the House bill to authorize the payment of drawback or rebate on tobacco (to correct an omission in the tariff bill) was taken up and passed. The elections bill was discussed. The House amendments to the Senate bills for public buildings at Madison, Ind.; Sioux City, Ia., and Rock Island, Ill., were concurred in, and the Senate amendments to all the other public building bills of the Senate were non-concurred in, and a committee of conference appointed on them all. Messrs. Spooner, Morrill and Vest were appointed conferees on the part of the Senate.

Mr. Allison renewed the suggestion (made by him some time ago) for a reprint of the Elections bill, with the House provisions and the Senate provisions in parallel columns. The order was made and the Senate adjourned.

In the House J. W. Hathaway was elected postmaster. Bills from the committee on Indian affairs were discussed.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.—The Senate bill appropriating $98,000 to provide and equip a steam vessel for boarding purposes at Chicago, Ill., was reported by Cullom and passed. Mr. Mitchell offered a resolution which was agreed to) instructing the postoffice committee to inquire into the feasibility and advisability of a law for postal savings banks in connection with all or certain classes of postoffices throughout the country. The resolution offered yesterday by Mr. Plumb for daily sessions of the Senate at 10 a. m., and recess from 5 to 8 p. m., was taken up and discussed at length, but gave way to the elections bill.

In the House on motion of Mr. McKenna, of California, Senate bill was passed appropriating $10,000 to reimburse Charles N. Felton, formerly assistant treasurer of the United States at San Francisco for losses incurred on the payment of forged checks. The House then went into committee of the whole (Mr. Burrows, of Michigan, in the chair), on the fortification appropriation bill and passed it.

In the morning hour Mr. E. B. Taylor, of Ohio, from the committee on judiciary, called up and the House passed a bill amending section 5,515, revised statutes. The amendment provides a penalty for any person having the custody of ballots and returns after an election has been held who shall alter such return or erase the name of any candidate for representative or delegate in Congress from any of the ballots in custody, or in any way alter or deface the same with the intent to affect the result of such election.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—A bill was passed in the Senate which provides that when parties settled opposite unsurveyed lands, and therefore were obliged to take up less than 160 acres, they may extend their holdings not to exceed 160 acres. One hundred thousand dollars was appropriated for a public building at Fargo, N. D.; $25,000 was appropriated for a public building at Camden, Ark. The elections bill was discussed.

In the House M. S. McKinley, of Ohio, from the ways and means committee, reported and the House approved a resolution calling on the secretary of the Treasury for the names of the several banks in which public money is deposited, the place where such depositories are situated, the date of such deposits, the reasons therefore, and the rate of interest, if any, which has been or is now paid into the treasury by such depositories in return for the use of the public funds. Also for information as to the authority by which and the law under which such deposits were made. The bill providing for the appointment by the President of judges to constitute a court to be known as "the court of Indian depredations claims, and to inquire into and adjudicate all claims for property of citizens taken by Indians without just cause," was passed.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Three Important Appointments Made—The Local Directors.

Three important appointments were announced by Director General Davis, on December 12, at a meeting of the local directory of the World's fair. M. P. Handy, chief of the department of publicity and promotion and Hon. W. I. Buchanan, of Iowa, as chief the department of Agriculture. Joseph Hirst, of Florida, was nominated for secretary of installation. All three nominations were concurred in by the board of directors, and the latter body will pay the salaries of the three appointees, amounting, it is understood, to $5,000 a year each.

All three gentlemen are said to have already signified their acceptance of the appointments. This acceptance will leave two vacancies in the World's Fair National commission, Messrs. Hirst and Buchanan being members of that organization. Mr. Handy is a widely known newspaper man, one of the founders of the Philadelphia *News*, and at present engaged in active newspaper work at Washington. Mr. Buchanan has the distinction of having been instrumental in the success of the Sioux City corn palace, and has held the position of chairman of the National Commission committee on Agriculture. The new duties of Commissioner Hirst will be performed under the supervision of the director general, and will consist largely of the difficult task of assigning space to individual exhibits. The membership of the local body corresponding to the board of control of the national commission have also been made public. The members are all selected from the Chicago directors by Messrs: Lyman J. Gage, T. B. Bryan, Ferd W. Peck, Potter Palmer, E. S. Winston and DeWitt C. Cregier.

These eight will be a board of reference to consider subjects referred to them by the directory as a whole, but will have no other power, the directory preferring not to efface itself as largely as did the national commission.

The local World's Fair fund of $10,000,000 is to be increased $1,000,000, to be subscribed either by the legislative authorities or by the many rich men of the Thirty-second ward. This interesting fact has been communicated to Vice President Bryan, by Alderman W. R. Kerr, of that ward. When the question of a site was under discussion, Mr. Kerr was chairman of a meeting in Hyde park, which promised the directory $1,000,000 if the fair was located at Jackson park. The written promise contains the following words:

"In addition to this amount there is no reason to doubt that the next legislature will cheerfully grant the request of the citizens of South Park district that the South Park board be authorized to borrow at least an additional $1,000,000 for use in preparing the park system for the year of the exposition."

Mr. Kerr this morning stated that he recognized their engagement to produce this sum, and steps will immediately be taken to get hold of it.

"There is one thing evident," admitted Mr. Kerr, "and that is if we cannot induce the legislature to grant the South Park board the right to borrow this sum, we, the responsible people of the South Park district, will have to go down into our own pockets."

GEN. TERRY.

A Brevet Major General of the United States Army Dead.

Brevet Major General Alfred H. Terry, of the United States army, died at New Haven, Conn., on December 16.

[Alfred Howe Terry, was born in Hartford, Conn., Nov. 10, 1827. He was educated at New Haven and Yale, and practiced law from 1849. He was clerk of the Superior and Supreme courts of Connecticut from 1854 to 1859, when in response to President Lincoln's call, he donned the blue and was appointed colonel of the 2nd Connecticut volunteers. At the expiration of the term of service he organized the 7th Connecticut volunteers, and, as colonel of this regiment, was again mustered into the national service. He was present at the capture of Fort Royal and at Port Pulaski. He was promoted brigadier-general April 25, 1862, and as such served at Pocotaligo and Charleston. He was breveted major-general of volunteers August 10, 1864, and became permanent commander of the 10th corps the same year. For the gallant fight at and capture of Fort Fisher, he was made brigadier-general in the regular army and major-general of Volunteers. In April, 1865, the 10th army corps was reorganized and General Terry was assigned to its command, and with it took part in the subsequent operations under Gen. Wm. T. Sherman in North Carolina. Since the close of the war he has commanded, in succession, the departments of Virginia, Dakota and the South, and again the department of Dakota. He was promoted to the rank of major general March 3, 1886, and was in charge of the division of the Missouri, with headquarters at Chicago, until his voluntary retirement from the army in April, 1888.]

A STRIKE IN VIEW.

Engineers and Firemen on the St. Paul Want More Money.

A demand for an increase of wages has been made by all the locomotive engineers and firemen employed on the St. Paul road, and the demand is accompanied by an intimation of a strike in the event of the company's refusal to grant the desired increase.

It is claimed by the company that its engineers and firemen are already paid as well as those in the employ of other roads. The engineers are paid at the rate of 3 7-10 cents per mile, and 100 miles constitute a day's run, so that an engineer earns, on an average, $3.70 a day. When an engineer has a ten-wheel locomotive he is paid 15 cents a day extra, which brings him up to $4.85. The average pay of a fireman is $2.20 per day. There are employed on the St. Paul system about 1,000 engineers and nearly the same number of firemen.

A St. Paul train hand said that the brakemen and all other trainmen would ask for more pay, or rather for a readjustment of the present wages. Now, he said, if a train is delayed and does not make its usual run, the brakeman has to stand a proportionate loss of his daily stipend. The men want, he says, to be assured a certain amount daily, regardless of the mileage traveled.

Michigan's Vote.

The official canvass of the vote of Michigan in the recent election shows the following result: For governor, Edwin B. Winans, Dem., received 183,735 votes; James M. Turner, Republican, 172,305; Partridge, Pro., 28,681; Belden, Labor, 18,106. The Democrats elected Congressmen and the Republicans two. The entire Democratic state ticket was also elected.

SENATOR IRBY.

Wade Hampton Defeated for Re-Election to the U. S. Senate.

On the fourth ballot in joint session of the legislature of South Carolina, on Dec. 11, J. L. M. Irby was elected United States Senator to succeed Wade Hampton. The vote stood: Irby, 105; Donaldson, 10; Hampton, 42.

John Laurens Manning Irby was born at Laurens, Sept. 10, 1854. He is the son of Col. James H. Irby, of Laurens. He attended the University of Virginia and afterward Princeton college. Leaving there he read law for three years under Judge McIver, but practiced his profession only two years. Since then he has farmed near Laurens. He was an active worker in the famous Hampton campaign of 1876, and organized a military company in Laurens, of which he was made captain, and afterwards he was chosen a staff officer under Governor Hampton, with the rank of colonel. He is a ready debater and forcible speaker. In 1886 he was elected to the South Carolina House of Representatives, and was returned by an increased majority in 1888. This fall he was again a candidate for the legislature and was elected. He was an ardent follower of B. B. Tillman, and was one of his most trusted advisers all through the recent memorable campaign.

When the Tillman wing of the Democratic party secured control of the party machinery Col. Irby was made chairman of the state executive committee. The management of the late campaign was intrusted to him. He proved himself a courteous leader and abandoned many of the tactics that made him eminently successful as a partisan. It is said that it was due to his cool head and wise judgment that the recent election passed off so quietly throughout the state. When the legislature met by common consent it was agreed among the victorious element that Col. Irby should be chosen speaker. He had no opposition for that office. Many thought that Col. Irby would expect a higher reward for his services during the recent campaign than the complimentary position of speaker, but few thought that his ambition would lead him to aspire to be Wade Hampton's successor in the United States Senate. Irby never openly declared himself as a candidate for the Senate. He maintained absolute silence, except, perhaps, in the inner circle of his particular friends. The work was done by his friends and his coworkers for the Tillman wing of the Democracy.

Col. Irby is a man of striking personal appearance, and is said to be possessed of considerable magnetism. He is one of the best whips ever seen about the legislative halls in Columbia. On more than one occasion he has saved his party from confusion and consequent defeat. He is a ready speaker and a debater quick at repartee. He will be in all likelihood the youngest member of the United States Senate.

Although a young man, Col. Irby has a history, and not a very savory one. He has the reputation of being "a bad man," although it is said he has since reformed and joined the Baptist church. Back in the seventies he was outlawed by the Democratic governor, Simpson, who succeeded Hampton, for murdering a man named Kilgore in Laurens county. A reward of $150 was offered for his arrest, but he fled the state and remained away until the thing blew over, when he returned to Laurens and with the aid of G. W. Shell, then clerk of the court and now Alliance member of Congress, secured an acquittal.

Irby's next exploit was to arm himself with a shotgun while he was painting the town of Laurens red, and defy the town authorities to arrest him. He paid a fine for this. Then some decent man offended him in some way, and Irby took one of his negro friends to the offender's plantation, gave him a horsewhip, and, catching his enemy unawares, held a pistol to his head and one to the negro's head and compelled him to horsewhip the man. His next exploit was to go with his brother into the town after a justice of the peace who had offended him, and between the two of them they slashed the justice to pieces. He was never punished, but he is an Alliance man now and is a member of the church.

Wade Hampton, whose seat Irby will take, has represented South Carolina in the United States Senate since 1879. He is the grandson of a major general in the Revolutionary war. He was one of the first to enlist in the Confederate army in the War of the Rebellion, and led the "Hampton Legion" at Bull Run, where he was wounded but won a brigadier-generalship. He served gallantly all through the war and came out as lieutenant-general. In 1876 South Carolina had two governors for a time. Hampton was one, Chamberlain the other. United States soldiers came to Chamberlain's aid, but eventually President Hayes withdrew Federal support from Chamberlain, leaving Hampton in the Gubernatorial chair, to which he was re-elected in 1878 and served until elevated to the United States Senate. He fought negro suffrage bitterly, but later on made his appearance with President Hayes in several Southern cities and made pacific speeches.

CITIZENS OR DOLLARS?

The Third Party Proposes to Know Who Runs This Country.

The third party movement, which originated at the recent Farmers' Alliance convention, took definite form Sunday, at Kansas City, when the following call for a convention was given to the press:

WHEREAS, In unity there is strength; therefore, it is desirable that there should be a union of all the variously named organizations that stand on common ground.

To this end the individuals from various states which are hereto signed, make this call for a national conference, to be composed of delegates from the following organizations, namely:

The Independent party; the People's party, by its representatives; the Union Labor party, by its representatives; the late Federal and Confederate soldiers, by their representatives; the Farmers' Alliance; The Farmers' Mutual Benefit association; the Citizens' Alliance; the Knights of Labor; the Colored Farmers' Alliance, and all other industrial organizations that support the principles of the St. Louis agreement of December, 1889.

Each state organization is to send one delegate from each Congressional district, and two from the state at large; and each district organization to send not less than three delegates, and each county organization not less than one delegate, to be chosen according to the custom of each respective organization, during the month of January, 1891; also, that the editor of each newspaper is hereby invited as a delegate that has advocated the principles of the St. Louis agreement and supported the candidates nominated thereon in 1890.

The delegates to meet in the city of Cincinnati, O., on Monday, the 23d day of February, 1891, at 2 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of forming a national union party, based upon the fundamental ideas of finance, transportation, labor and land, and the transaction of other legitimate business in furtherance of the work already begun by these organizations, preparatory to a united struggle for country and home, in the great political conflict now pending, that must be decided who, in this country, is the sovereign, "The Citizens or the Dollar."

Governor, But Not a Citizen.

A curious complication has arisen in the case of Governor-elect James E. Boyd, of Nebraska. He was born in Ireland in 1834, and came to Zanesville, O., with his father, Joseph Boyd, in 1840. The father filed notice of his intention to become a citizen, but did not take out his final papers until November, 1890. The son did not take out papers here, and it is stated that he has never been naturalized in Nebraska. Section 2172, Revised Statutes of the United States, provides that where the father is naturalized his sons under 21 years of age are naturalized. In this case the father filed his declaration in 1849, but did not take out his final papers until 1890, which was long after his son was of age.

Will Donate the Hauling.

A meeting of Kansas railroad men occurred at Topeka, Dec. 10, at which it was decided to transport free of charge all contributions to the destitute farmers in Western and Northwestern Kansas. Considerable destitution exists in those portions of the state, but not enough to require the solicitation of aid outside of the state.

Last year the Sulan of Turkey presented to Ismail Pasha, ex-Khedive of Egypt, a palace at Stamboul which was valued at $50,000. Ismail has pleaded that he is unable to furnish the palace in a style befitting such a magnificent residence, and the Sultan now asks the Porte to make Ismail a grant of £10,000 for that purpose.

WISCONSIN FARMERS.

They Pass Resolutions on a Number of Interesting Subjects.

The Wisconsin State Grange adopted, on December 10, resolutions favoring a separate college of agriculture away from the state university, as recommended in the address of Grand Master Carr. The committee on Resolutions reported as follows and the report was adopted:

"That part of the master's address referring to legislation, the Conger lard bill, the Paddock meat inspection bill, the pure food bill, and the chemical laboratory bill, we recommend, and ask aid and attention from our order. We also think the express and telegraph companies should be brought under government control. We recommend the California law in furnishing the text books for public schools for the state of Wisconsin. We also recommend the resolution favoring a plant being established at our state prison to manufacture binding twine by convict labor, and let the consumer have it at cost, to protect us against the gigantic binder twine trust."

The following resolutions were adopted:

"The constitution of the United States gives to Congress the power to coin money and to regulate its value, but it does not give the power to delegate the regulation of value to the national banks, which it virtually has done.

"*Resolved*, In the demand of the Wisconsin state grange that the government issued its money direct to the people without the intervention of national banks, and that all money in circulation, of every name and nature, be a legal tender for all debts.

"*Resolved*, That we demand the passage of stringent laws prohibiting the dealing in futures of all agricultural products.

"*Resolved*, That railroad charters, being a grant from the people, be controlled for the benefit of the people by the people."

THE FARMERS OF KANSAS.

They will Make an Organized Fight for the United States Senatorship.

The Kansas Farmers' Alliance have decided to take the election of a United States Senator into its own hands. Sub-alliances throughout the state are adopting resolutions demanding that the president of the Farmers' Alliance call a special delegate convention to meet in Topeka Monday, January 26, to place in nomination a candidate for United States Senator. This move is taken to bring the influence of the State Alliance to bear directly upon the Alliance members of the legislature and to strengthen those wavering between the Ingalls and anti-Ingalls forces. The large number of Alliance senatorial candidates that have sprung up since the election has imperiled the success of the Alliance in the fight, and it is to prevent division in the party that the convention will be called. The citizens' Alliance will hold a state convention January 13, when action will be taken looking to co-operation with the Farmers' Alliance.

INTO THE BOYCOTT BUSINESS.

The Farmer's Alliance Take Action on the Press.

President Polk, of the National Farmer's Alliance, has named Friday, February 6, 1891, and Washington, D. C., as the place of holding the first meeting of the national legislative council, which is composed of the national president and the presidents of all the state Alliances. An important piece of action taken during the closing moments of the late convention was the adoption of a resolution with reference to the support of all Alliances.

The policy of the Alliance will be to withhold all support from newspapers which do not conduct Alliance departments or at least publish Alliance news regularly. This arrangement does not compel a support of Alliance measures or an advocacy of Alliance demands on the part of these newspapers in their editorial columns but does compel a certain degree of friendliness on their part and amounts to an absolute boycott of all newspapers which do not come up to the terms of the resolution.

ILLINOIS FARMERS.

The Session Closed and Officers Elected.

The Illinois Farmers' Alliance, which was in session at Peoria for two days, closed their work on December 11 and adjourned. In brief, the Alliance denounced trusts, foreign ownership of lands, the liquor traffic, the Chicago stock yards; charges option dealing in grain and favor a two cent railroad fare, government control of railroad fare, government control of railroads, and similar corporations; free coinage, a uniform series of text books to be supplied by the state; election of all state officers by direct vote of the people. They also favor an English education for every child, the Australian ballot system of voting and the Conger lard bill.

The following officers were elected: President, A. E. Branson, of Northville; vice-president, U. Baldwin, of LaSalle, Ill.; secretary, S. A. Kirkpatrick, of Morris; treasurer, C. A. Smith, of Flanagan.

IOWA FARMERS.

They Favor the Australian Ballot System and other Important Measures.

The meetings of the Iowa state grange and the executive committee of the state Farmers' Alliance closed on December 13. As a result of the joint conference the recommendation was adopted by the grange that a general supply house for the farmers be established at the central point, through which agricultural implements and other things needed by the farmers may be obtained at the cost of manufacture and transportation, the same to be controlled by the executive committees of the Grange and Alliance. The resolutions adopted favor control by the government of all railroad and telegraph lines in the country, the adoption of the Australian ballot system, and insist upon absolute fairness in the matter of finance.

WORKING INDEPENDENTLY.

The Wisconsin Grange Ignores the Farmers' Alliance.

The annual meeting of the Wisconsin state grange adjourned on Dec. 12, after completing its business. The following was adopted:

Resolved, That the rate of interest be reduced in proportion to the net profit on agricultural products, not to exceed 5 per cent, and that more stringent laws be enacted against usury.

Resolved, That we demand of our incoming legislature the passage of the bill known as the Taylor bill for the purpose of regulating commerce within the limits of the state.

The grange took no notice of the Farmers' Alliance or its demands in any of its deliberations.

Can't Keep the Cattle Out.

The Canadian Northwest mounted police are experiencing some difficulty in preventing Montana cattle from entering Canadian territory in search of food. Over 5,000 head are known to be in Milk river region, and the police have been busily engaged in driving them away from the Canadian quarantine district. It appears that the Montana ranchers are short of fodder. Range cattle in Montana are selling at $10 per head, and a similar price prevails in Oregon, while horses can be obtained for $40 each.

The "Drummer Boy" Arrested.

Maj. R. H. Hendershot, known as the "drummer boy of Rappahannock," was arrested at Portland, Oregon, on Dec. 11 on the charge of passing a worthless check on the hotel keeper. He refused to settle or give bonds and went to jail.

A Royal Wedding.

The Berlin correspondent of the London *Standard* says that Prince Christian, of Denmark, and Princess Margaret, of Prussia, are shortly to be betrothed.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)
Cure BILIOUS and Nervous ILLS.
25cts. a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

SITTING BULL DEAD.

The Story of the Death of the Noted Chief.

Sitting Bull has left the land of the pale face and gone to the Indian's Happy Hunting Ground, but whether he will find it a haven of peace, or whether he will be like the celebrated traveler from Yuma, no man at this stage of proceedings can tell.

The Indian police started out on December 15 to arrest Sitting Bull, having understood that he proposed starting for the Bad Lands at once. The police were followed by a troop of cavalry under Capt. Fouchet, and infantry under Col. Drum. When the police reached Sitting Bull's camp on the Grand river, about 40 miles from Standing Rock, they found arrangements being made for departure. The cavalry had not yet reached the camp when the police arrested Bull and started back with him.

His followers quickly rallied to his rescue and tried to retake him. In the melee that ensued the wily old chief was killed and five of the best of the Indian police were also killed. One of the police jumped on one of Sitting Bull's horses and rode back to the cavalry and infantry, telling them to hurry up to the support of the police, and then hurried on to the agency with news of the battle.

Gen. Brooks, from Pine Ridge, corroborates the report in a telegram as follows:

"All the Indians brought in are now here, leaving about 300 bucks in the Bad Lands who refuse to listen to anyone or anything. Against these I will send a sufficient force to capture or fight them. All has been done that can be done. The Indians have a great many stolen horses and cattle with them. I hope to end this matter now. The soldiers secured the body of the dead chief."

He was Bad at Heart.

Indian Agent James McLaughlin, of this agency, tells of his last visit to Bull as follows:

"Having just returned from Grand river district, and referring to my former communication regarding the ghost dance craze among the Indians, I have the honor to report that on Saturday evening last I learned that such a dance was in progress in Sitting Bull's camp, and that a large number of Indians of the Grand river settlement were participators.

"Sitting Bull's camp is on the Grand river, 40 miles southwest from the agency, in a section of country outside of the line of travel, only visited by those connected with the Indian service, and is therefore a secluded spot for these scenes. I concluded to take them by surprise, and on Sunday morning left for that settlement, accompanied by Louis Primeau, arriving there about 8 p. m. Having left the road usually traveled by me in visiting the settlement, I came upon them unexpectedly and found a "ghost dance" at its height. There were about 45 men, 25 women, 25 boys and 10 girls participating. A majority of the latter (boys and girls) were, until a few weeks ago, pupils of the day schools of the Grand river settlements. Approximately, there were 200 persons, lookers on, who had come to witness the ceremony either from curiosity or sympathy, most of whom had their families with them and encamped in the neighborhood. I did not attempt to stop the dance then going on, as in their crazed state under excitement, it would have been useless to attempt it, but after remaining some time talking with a number of the spectators, I went to the house of Henry Bull Head, three miles distant, where I remained over night and returned to Sitting Bull's house next morning, where I had a long talk with Sitting Bull and a number of his followers. I spoke very plainly to them, pointing out what had been done by the government for the Sioux people, and how this faction by their present conduct were forfeiting the confidence that had been reposed in them by the government in its magnanimity in granting them full amnesty for all past offences when from destitution and imminent starvation they were compelled to surrender as prisoners of war in 1880 and 1881, and I dwelt at length upon what was being done in the way of education of their children, for their own industrial advancement, and assured them of what this absurd craze would lead to, and the chastisement that would certainly follow if these demoralizing dances and disregard of department orders were not soon discontinued.

"I spoke with feeling and earnestness, and my talk was well received, and I am convinced that it had a good effect. Sitting Bull, while being very obstinate, and at first inclined to assume the roll of "high chief" before his followers, finally admitted the truths of my reasoning and said that he believed me to be a friend to the Indians as a people, but that I did not like him personally, but that when in doubt in any matter of following my advice, he had always found it well, and that now he had a proposition to make to me which if I agreed to and would carry out, would allay all further excitement among the Sioux over the ghost dance, or else convince me of the truth of the belief of the Indians in this new doctrine.

He then stated his proposition, which was that I should accompany him on a journey to trace from the agency to each of the other tribes of Indians through which the story of the Indian Messiah had been brought, and when he reached the last tribe, or where it originated, if they could not produce the man who started the story, and we did not find the new Messiah as described, upon the earth, together with the dead Indians returning to inhabit this country, he would return convinced that they (the Indians) had been too credulous and imposed upon, which report from him would satisfy the Sioux and all practices of the ghost societies would cease; but that if found to be as professed by the Indians, they be permitted to continue their medicine practices and organize as they are now endeavoring to do. I told him that this proposition was a novel one, but that the attempt to carry it out would be similar to the attempt to catch up to the wind that blew last year, but that I wished him to come to my house where I would give him a whole night or day and night, in which time I thought I could convince him of the absurdity of his foolish craze, and the fact of his making me the proposition that he did was a convincing proof that he did not fully believe in that which he was professing and endeavoring so hard to make others believe. He did not, however, promise fully to come into the agency to discuss the matter, but said he would consider my talk and decide after deliberation."

[Sitting Bull, the great Sioux chief, was born about 1857. He was the principal chief of the Dakota Sioux who were driven from their reservation in the Black Hills by miners in 1876, and took up arms against the whites and fiercely fighting, he, being to be transported to the Indian territory. In June, 18.6, they defeated and massacred Gen. George A. Custer's advance party of Gen. Alfred H. Terry's column, which was sent against them on the Little Big Horn river, and were pursued northward by Gen. Terry. Sitting Bull, with a part of his band, made his escape into British territory and through the mediation of Dominion officials, surrendered on a promise of amnesty. In July and August, 1888, in a conference at Standing Rock, N. D., he influenced his tribe to refuse to relinquish Indian lands.]

The Cherokee Strip is a Much Wanted Piece of Property.

The following dispatch was sent from Wichita, Kan., on December 11:

"Hon. J. B. Maves, Tahlequah, I. T.: I will see Williamson and Blair's twenty million for the strip, and go fifteen million better. I hold royal flush. Send deed and abstract to Wichita National bank. [Signed.]

"M. W. LEVY."

Mr. Levy is acting for a comany organized there within the last few days, that is in earnest about the purchase of the Cherokee Strip. It is not known positively whether they are acting entirely on their own judgment and capital or not, as it has been intimated in financial circles that they can get New York and London capital if they desire to part with any of the stock.

Texas Went Democratic.

The official canvass of the state vote of Texas in the recent election shows that the Democratic vote aggregated 257,204; the Republican 73,343; the Prohibition 1,684.

ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Portugal will attack any armed force poaching on her territory in Mozambique.

Henry C. Noble, a prominent attorney of Columbus, O., and brother of John W. Noble, secretary of the Interior, died on December 12.

Instructions have been issued to registers and receivers of land offices in California to withhold from entry lands containing "big trees." The intention is to ask Congress to reserve such lands for national park purposes.

PARNELL.

The Campaign in Kilkenny—The Warring Factions.

The London daily *News* correspondent at Kilkenny, on Dec. 16, declares his belief that Parnell's cause is lost. He says: "It is a race between the Parnellites and the McCarthyites to reach Rathdowney, where it was announced Parnell would speak. The utmost enthusiasm was displayed for Davitt, while there was hooting and groaning for Parnell. Four thousand persons attended Davitt's meeting, but only 200 listened to Parnell. Mr. Tanner, at the beginning of his speech, made an allusion to the *Freeman's Journal* which was greeted with cries of "Down with it." A priest shouted "To Blazes with it." Mr. Tanner burnt a copy of the paper. After Mr. Parnell's departure Mr. Davitt continued his remarks saying: "Parnell has fled as he will flee from Kilkenny next Monday. But I will meet him face to face before this contest is over and ask him to repeat that the archbishops, bishops and priests and Sexton, O'Brien and Dillon are the scum of the earth. This is the Parnell who did not hesitate to accept £40,000 from the 'scum of Ireland.'

"I am the son of a peasant, but, thank God, I never disgraced my humble name. Which will you have, Ireland or Parnell? (Shouts of "Ireland"). Who is Scully? Why, the son of a landlord who evicted two poor women you knew and kicked one to death."

Mr. Davitt then eulogized Mr. Gladstone who, he said, worked for Ireland while Parnell was inactive. (Cries of "Bravo Davitt").

At the conclusion of the meeting a number of sturdy farmers dragged the wagon with Mr. Davitt and others on it through the village in triumph.

Mr. Parnell, after informing the reporters that he would return to Kilkenny, alighted at Ballyragget. This originated a rumor that he had disappeared. His movements are still mysterious.

GLADSTONE AT RETFORD.

Ireland Will be Left Out of the Race Until the Irish Unite on a Leader.

Mr. Gladstone, upon arriving at Retford depot, on Dec. 11, addressed a meeting of 2,000 persons. He said that he had anticipated that the Irish members of Parliament, by their spontaneous action, would settle the present difficulty in the Irish question. The continuance of Mr. Parnell in the leadership would be fatal to home rule in England, Scotland and Wales.

Parnell was no longer the leader of the Irish Nationalists, who had separated themselves from him. He (Gladstone) admitted the Irish party ought to be independent and that the consideration and settlement of this question ought to be left to them; but there was something beyond all considerations in Irish politics, namely, the great cause of liberalism in England, Ireland and Scotland.

The truth respecting the Irish leadership was an additional reason for the granting of home rule. Why should English and Scotch and Welsh politics depend upon the choice of an Irish leader. The confidential communications between the Liberal and Home Rule parties, and the conversation with Mr. Parnell at Hawarden in November, 1889, he said, were equally satisfactory to both parties, a fact that was proved not by himself, because he had no reason publicly to speak about it, but by the other party. He believed that the O'Shea divorce proceedings would entirely destroy the moral force needed in Ireland for any one who would be the leading champion of the national cause.

The Liberals felt that in granting home rule they constituted the Irish leader the constitutional ruler of Ireland. The Liberals were unwilling, after what had appeared in the divorce court relative to the private and public conduct of Mr. Parnell, to make him the constitutional governor of Ireland.

It was absolutely untrue that Mr. Morley had suggested that Mr. Parnell hold office under the British crown before home rule was conceded. The Liberal party's work in Parliament was to resist coercion in Ireland and that work was as sacred and as urgent now as it had ever been, no matter who might be the leader of the Irish party.

PARNELL IN DUBLIN.

The Irish Rally Around Their Deposed Chieftain.

Mr. Parnell arrived at Kingstown at an early hour on December 10. Dr. Fitzgerald, M. P., Mr. Leamy, M. P., Mr. Henry Harrington, and Mr. Edward Harrington, M. P., were the first members of Mr. Parnell's party to leave the steamer. They were loudly cheered as they came down the gang plank. Mr. Timothy Healy, M. P., Mr. Maurice Healy, M. P., and Mr. Walter Kenny, M. P., opponents of Mr. Parnell, traveled in the same boat with the Parnellites from Holyhead.

As they came ashore they were subjected to hostile demonstrations by the crowd on the pier, while there were shouts for Mr. Parnell mingled with cheers for Mrs. O'Shea. Mr. Parnell, accompanied by Mr. Campbell, his private secretary, was the last passenger to quit the boat.

As he proceeded to the waiting train the crowd became enthusiastic in their demonstrations and he was cheered again and again. A number of addresses were presented to him, in reply to which he expressed his thanks for the welcome that had been extended to him. He said he did not take the result of the fight he had undertaken; but had never led the Irish party wrong in the past and would not in the future.

The train then pulled out, and after a short run arrived in Dublin, where a large crowd had assembled in and about the station to welcome Mr. Parnell. As soon as the train came to a standstill Mr. Timothy Healy came from the coach in which he traveled, entered a cab and drove away. He was recognized by the crowd, however, before he reached the cab, and was greeted with groans and shouts, "Chief Justice Healy."

The crowd was so dense that Mr. Parnell, with difficulty, got through. Finally he reached a cab, which he entered with Mr. Joseph K. Ken